

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 16, 1981 \$1.50

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  - Power steering
  - Power front disc/rear drum brakes
  - Four-wheel independent suspension
  - Front torsion bars, rear coil springs
  - Automatic level control
  - Gran Touring suspension (T TYPE)
  - Available:
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    - Gran Touring suspension (Riviera)
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  - Quartz-crystal-controlled digital clock
  - Soft-Ray tinted glass
  - Power windows
  - AM-FM stereo radio (delete radio option available)
  - Lights: front ashtray; under-dash, courtesy, glove compartment, engine compartment, luggage compartment
  - Electric door locks
  - Automatic power antenna
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    - Tilt and telescoping steering column (Riviera)
    - Automatic electric door locks
    - Electric trunk lock release
    - Electric trunk lock
    - Front and rear light monitors
    - Lighted visor vanity mirrors
    - Rear quarter courtesy and reading lamps
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    - Tungsten-halogen, high-beam headlights (Riviera)
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  - and re
  - wheel
  - (Riviera)



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## The 1981 Riviera.





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IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

# WE COVER YOUR FAVORITE SPORT..

# Footloose

by AMITA VERSCHOOT

## INDOOR SKI RACING? IT TOOK A REAL WISE GUY TO PULL OFF SUCH A SNOW JOB

As far as most of the 300 inhabitants of Cable, Wis., are concerned, Tony Wise's last name should be changed to Foolish. Wise, 59, is a certified son of the North Country; the problem is he sure doesn't act like one. His ideas are so big and brazen that he might as well be from Saudi Arabia. Take indoor ski racing, for instance. Surely no down-to-earth Midwesterner would even think of such an unlikely event. Wise has not only thought of it, but he has also blithely invented a way to do it.

The first surprise he sprung on the home folks occurred 33 years ago when he put a rope tow on a 1,770-foot glacial moraine three miles east of Cable, one of the highest points in Wisconsin. He called it Mount Telemark after the Norwegian county that's considered by some the birthplace of skiing is a sport

Until then, tourists had ventured into that part of the North Country only in the summer to enjoy the scenery and to fish in the spectacular lakes. Next to Wise's rope tow was a small warming hut complete with heated lavatories—an unheard-of luxury in the late 1940s. In the ensuing years he gradually added two T-bars and three chair lifts, nearly 110 miles of cross-country trails, a snow-making system for the dry winters and the four-star, 200-room Telemark Lodge, the lobby of which contains one of the world's most magnificent and biggest fireplaces. As Wise says, "We were never humble."

Now comes Wise's latest brainstorm: a Colosseum, named after the ancient pile in Rome. Wise's Colosseum is a bright, modern, rectangular building that spreads over 64,000 square feet and cost \$3 million. (It will eventually be connected to the Telemark Lodge by a tunnel.) Wise could have named it Valhalla (the hall of the supreme god Odin) to keep the Norse motif going, but two years ago when Wise visited Rome on vacation, he was enthralled by the famous ruin and decided to name his arena after it.

Naturally, the townfolk were wondering what Wise was going to do with it. Well, for one thing, it will become a year-round tennis

center with programs in the spring and fall directed by well-known pros. It houses four Dynafur tennis courts, and there are four more courts outside. It's also large enough for 1,000 people to attend conventions or big-band concerts in it, and Wise is just humming with other ideas—none of them as improbable as indoor cross-country skiing, which is what he put on first.

The 2,000 guests at the Colosseum's grand opening on Dec. 13, 1990 had hardly left the premises when workers began preparing for the first competition of the cross-country season in the U.S., the Gulich Games Games, a series of six races for men and women ranging in length from five to 30 kilometers. The racers would still loop out into the woods, but the start and finish lines would be in the Colosseum and the skiers would pass through the arena at the conclusion of each lap of the 2.5-kilometer course, entering it through one door and exiting through another on the opposite side. It was a concept concocted to lure more spectators to the sport by giving them the comforts of seats and temperatures between 40° and 50°.

To prepare the Colosseum for ski races, workers first cover the tennis courts and, indeed, the entire 300-foot length of the arena

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with 20-foot-wide sheets of insulating plastic and Styrofoam that serve as a bed for the snow. Railroad ties are used as curbs. Then the crew brings in dump trucks of snow, 75 tons of it, and packs it down to a firm, smooth, 10-inch layer. It is groomed and packed again, then tracks are set up and—very civilized—a bar. But no smoking please. Stationed on a bridge above the cut door is an announcer, and on the wall behind him is a three-panel scoreboard that informs the spectators of standings as well as intermediate and final times. By next season Wise hopes to get the computerized scoreboard used at the 1980 Lake Placid Olympics. He has even devised a way to let spectators in on what happens out in the woods; they can follow the action over 10 TV sets: three cameras cover key points of the outdoor course.

The enthusiastic crowd at the inaugural event consisted mostly of Telemark personnel. "I always wanted to be an armchair coach," said Marty Hall, the former U.S. national and Olympic coach, as he watched some of his charges race by.

"Wait until I tell them about this in Oslo," said Sven Johansen, a Norwegian racer chafing. "They'll choke on their herring. I'd love

to see 100,000 Norwegians under a foot at the Holmenkollen, but I don't think it will go. Norwegians like to stand in the cold, because that's the tradition."

"It's the tradition in America to try new things," said Bill Koch, the 1976 silver medalist in the 30-km cross-country event. "We're really lucky to have a guy like Tony, who's so innovative and puts all his energy into the sport."

Tim Caldwell, who won the two men's individual races in the Gitchie Game Games, beating Koch, said, "I have a hard time comprehending this. But it's fun going through there and hearing the applause, though I felt like I had to duck to make the first door."

All the racers agreed that the snow was wetter indoors than it was outside. Thus, when in the Coliseum, they had to change from a diagonal stride to double-poleing or skating, but nobody complained. Betsy Haines, one of the top U.S. women, said, "It's worth the extra trouble if it will help the sport. I don't see why we wouldn't put up with a little slower snow for a mere hundred yards."

Nobody was happier with the indoor track than Phil Van Valkenberg, the starter, who in most races sent off two skiers every 30 seconds. "I used to have to stand out there with

a watch in my hand," he said, pointing to the old starting line, "where it would be around zero degrees. The last two years my hand has actually frozen."

The way Wise tells it, the hardest thing about building the Coliseum was convincing everyone that he needed two removable doors. "Indoor skiing sounded like fantasyland," he says. "Everybody said, 'God, you're not going to do something as crazy as that.' Barry Elbasam, the architect, wouldn't even talk to me at first. 'Sure, sure,' he would say when I brought it up. I said, 'How can we have skiers come through without removable doors?' I was just being stubborn. 'All we're doing really,' I said, 'is putting two more doors in it, with the drains, a curb and the other things that go with them.'"

There was no real understanding from the architects or the contractors, but Wise prevailed and the building was finally erected to his specifications.

"The sport really does need exposure," Wise says. "In the U.S., at least, it seldom draws a crowd. But the Coliseum will help, and we had to build a ski center anyway. We just needed a bit of imagination and the strength to follow through. You play the part of the fool first, but then you're a hero." END

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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## ON DEALING WITH FACES THAT EMERGE FROM THE CROWD

In a letter published two weeks ago in *THE HOUR*, a reader named Kent Rasmussen, of Van Nuys, Calif., complained about a 6-year-old boy who scored 83 goals in a 12-game season of youth soccer, including 14 goals in one game. The boy had been featured in *FACES IN THE CROWD* (Jan. 19), and Rasmussen criticized SI for publicizing "such a one-sided display." Arguing that domination of games by "a 6-year-old scoring machine" could hurt the youngsters, his teammates and his opponents, Rasmussen challenged us to check on how many of the boy's humiliated opponents were still playing soccer a year from now and on how the youth himself was faring in another decade or so "when the goals and glory don't come so easily."

The issues raised by Rasmussen are important ones. Sport suffers when one player or one team is vastly superior to another, which explains why, when fans say "it was a good game," they invariably mean it was a close game. Mismatches are abhorrent, and people with true sporting instincts recoil from them. Thus, after Canada thrashed South Korea 31-0 in ice hockey two weeks ago in the World University Winter Games in Spain, there was no jubilation among the embarrassed Canadian players, one of whom, Chris Heiland, called the game "a sad, sad experience."

In the case of younger athletes, winning too easily may, as Rasmussen suggests, cause long-term ill effects. In 1971, 8-year-old Gene Mirkin of Rockville, Md., ran a 5:40.8 mile and earned national attention (including a mention in *FACES IN THE CROWD*), and it was said that his father, Gabe Mirkin, a University of Maryland allergist, author and running enthusiast, had plotted a training regimen intended to gain Gene a berth in the 1980 Olympics. But when he was 11, Gene Mirkin lost interest in competitive running. Now 18 and a freshman at Guilford College in North Carolina, he says of his days as an athletic prodigy, "I just wanted to be a kid."

To be sure, there will always be some athletes who stand head and shoulders above others, a fact that isn't necessarily bad. Dr. Stanley Cheren, a Boston psychiatrist who writes on sports, says, "A kid should be allowed to achieve great things and to have the joy of his achievement." But Cheren also warns that if a gifted athlete is treated as "something apart from the human race, he'll be made a lesser person in the process. A parent or coach must instill a sense of limits or proportion to the athlete's accomplishment." As Cheren's words suggest, there's only so much that can—and should—be done to clip the precocious athlete's wings. Benching him for too long a period would amount to penalizing him for being talented. Going to undue lengths to hold down the score demeans opponents, cheats fans and breeds bad habits for future games. Nor is it always desirable to arrange to have young world-beaters play against older kids. "I'd do that only if the youngster is stable and anchored to his peer group in other ways," says Dr. Morris S. Lasson, a clinical psychologist in Baltimore. "Just because he's advanced as an athlete does not mean he'll be that far advanced socially."

Little League parents sometimes get carried away in encouraging excellence, as do the likes of Clarence Turner, the basketball coach at Camden (N.J.) High School, which has averaged 103 points a game en route to a 25-0 record this season. Despite beating opponents by scores like 122-51 and 115-57, Camden has often played its first-stringers and maintained a full-court press until the waning seconds, a practice that so infuriated Ira Levine, the coach of Brooklyn's Lafayette High, which lost to Camden 122-59, that he ordered his players to hand Turner's hotshots the ball and let them score. Shrugs a notably unimpressed Turner, "If you get a chance to beat the hell out of somebody, you beat them."

SI is in the practice of reporting on outstanding athletes. Thus, for better or worse, we write about Linda Pige, a bas-

kettball star at Philadelphia's Dobbins Tech High who recently scored 109 points in a 131-38 win over Mastbaum. Linda played 30 of the game's 32 minutes, and her coach, Tony Corra, who used to be the men's coach at Cornell, virtually admitted building up Linda's scoring statistics to get himself "back in the limelight." Linda appeared in *FACES IN THE CROWD* (Feb. 9), a feature—one of the magazine's most popular—that recognizes lesser known athletes, both old and young. Of the latter, some, like Gene Mirkin, never fulfill their potential, often because they are pushed too hard by their elders. But *FACES IN THE CROWD* has also highlighted such early bloomers as 12-year-old Nancy Lopez, 14-year-old Chris Evert and 17-year-old Lew Alcindor, all of whom went on to much bigger things. The recognition of achievement, even when it involves the very young, is a worthy journalistic endeavor.

The 6-year-old kid who was the subject of Rasmussen's letter, Matt Garrett of Solana Beach, Calif., developed into a one-boy gang under the tutelage of his father, Mike, a lawyer, who coaches his son's soccer team. Whatever the future may hold for Matt, for now anyway he genuinely loves soccer. Although parents of rival players grumble about Matt's prodigious scoring, the elder Garrett can't be accused of pouring it on. Before the season, he suggested that the boy play with older kids but was told by league officials that this wasn't "a good idea." He then tried Matt at different positions, but Matt continued to dominate play. Mike also occasionally benched his son but admits, "It hurt him to be on the sidelines." Somehow Matt's scoring prowess becomes more palatable when the elder Garrett tells of the time the team's goaltender let in a cheap goal, and Matt went up to him and said, "Don't worry about it, it's just a game." Putting his son's goal-scoring exploits in just the right perspective, Mike says that this gesture toward the beaten goaltender "made me feel the proudest of anything Matt did all year."

CONTINUED



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American Samoa	\$6.15	\$4.95 Sunday only	Libya	7.65	—
Andorra	6.15	—	Liechtenstein	6.15	—
Argentina	6.90	5.55 Sunday only	Luxembourg	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun
Australia	7.65	5.70 Sunday only	Malaysia	7.65	—
Austria	6.15	—	Monaco	6.15	—
Bahrian	7.65	—	Netherlands	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun
Belgium	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun	Netherlands Antilles	6.00	4.80 6pm-6am & Sat-Sun
Belize	5.55	—	New Caledonia	7.65	—
Bolivia	6.90	5.55 Sunday only	New Zealand	6.90	—
Brazil	7.65	5.70 8pm-5am & Sun	Nicaragua	5.55	4.20 6pm-5am & Sun
Chile	6.90	5.55 8pm-5am & Sun	Nigeria	7.65	—
Colombia	6.90	5.55 Sunday only	Norway	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun
Costa Rica	5.55	4.20 6pm-5am & Sun	Panama	4.65	3.60 5pm-7am & Sat-Sun
Cyprus	6.90	5.55 Sunday only	Papua New Guinea	7.65	—
Denmark	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun	Paraguay	6.90	5.55 Sunday only
Ecuador	6.90	5.55 6pm-5am & Sun	Peru	6.90	5.55 8pm-5am & Sun
El Salvador	5.55	4.20 6pm-5am & Sun	Philippines	7.65	5.70 Sunday only
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Greece	6.15	—	South Africa	7.65	—
Guam	6.90	5.55 Sat & Sun Only	Spain	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun
Guatemala	5.55	4.20 6pm-5am & Sat-Sun	Sri Lanka	7.65	—
Guyana	6.90	—	Suriname	6.90	5.55 Sunday only
Haiti	6.90	5.55 6pm-5am & Sun	Sweden	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun
Honduras	5.55	4.20 6pm-5am & Sun	Switzerland	6.15	—
Hong Kong	6.90	—	Taipei	7.65	—
Indonesia	7.65	—	Taiwan	7.65	5.70 Sunday only
Iran	7.65	—	Thailand	7.65	—
Iraq	7.65	—	Tunisia	7.65	—
Ireland	4.65	3.60 5pm-5am & Sun	Turkey	6.90	5.55 Sunday only
Israel	7.65	5.70 Sat & Sun only	United Arab Emirates	7.65	—
Italy	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun	United Kingdom	4.65	3.60 5pm-5am & Sun
Ivory Coast	6.90	—	U.S.S.R.	6.90	5.55 Sunday only
Japan	7.65	5.70 Sunday only	Vatican City	6.15	4.95 5pm-5am & Sun
Kenya	6.90	—	Venezuela	6.90	5.55 6pm-5am & Sun
Korea, Rep. of	7.65	—	Yugoslavia	6.90	5.55 Sunday only
Kuwait	6.90	—			
Liberia	6.90	5.55 Sunday only			

## How to dial an international call

Time and money. Those are the two big things you save when you dial an international call yourself. And it's as easy as clipping out this page. Just be sure you always start with the International Access Code "011." Then dial the country code, city code, and local number.

Look how easy it is to dial London.

011-44-1-LOCAL NUMBER

(If you are calling from a Touch-Tone telephone, press the "\*" button after dialing the entire number. This will speed your call along.)

## If you cannot dial

If your area doesn't have International Dialing, you get the same low rate as long as it's a simple Station call. (Person-to-person, credit card and collect calls, for example, cost more because they require special operator assistance.) Just tell the local Operator the country, city, and telephone number you want to call.

## Time differences

Confused about time differences?

Use these samples as your benchmark. Here's how it works with your time zone as your guide: check your watch and add the number of hours shown below. For example, 4 p.m. in the Eastern Time Zone is 10 p.m. in Germany.

Time Difference from U.S. Mainland to	U.S. Time Zones*			
	EST	CST	MST	PST
France	6	7	8	9
Germany	6	7	8	9
Greece	7	8	9	10
Hong Kong	13	14	15	16
Israel	7	8	9	10
Japan	14	15	16	17
New Zealand	18	19	20	21
South Africa	7	8	9	10
Sweden	6	7	8	9
United Kingdom	5	6	7	8
Venezuela	1	2	3	4

## Clip this page

It's a good idea to clip this chart so you'll have all the information handy when you need it.

The charge for each additional minute is 1/3 the initial 3 minute dial rate. Federal excise tax of 2% is added on all calls billed in the United States.

\*Nearly everyone can dial Canada, the Caribbean, and parts of Mexico—just as you dial cities inside the continental U.S.

†Rates are even lower from some areas.

**THE BEST, DAY IN & DAY OUT**

A year ago we reported that Jed Bricker, then a Columbia University law student, had drawn up a list of the top track and field performances according to the days of the week on which they occurred and found that only one athlete held the "records" in his specialty for all seven days—Edwin Moses in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles (SCORECARD, March 17, 1980). Now a lawyer in Los Angeles, Bricker has just updated his research and reports that last summer Moses not only broke his world record with a 47.13 performance in Milan on July 3—a Thursday—but also improved his marks for Monday (47.90), Wednesday (47.81) and Friday (47.17). Unbroken were Moses' records for the other three days of the week.

But Bricker also reports that depending on how you look at such things, Moses may no longer be the only "seven-day wonder." That appellation might now also apply to Italian sprinter Pietro Mennea, who announced last week that he was hanging up his spikes at age 28. Mennea's world record in the 200 meters of 19.72 was set on a Wednesday—in Mexico City on Sept. 12, 1979—and he also has turned in the fastest clockings ever on a Sunday and Monday (both 19.96), and on a Friday (20.05), and is tied with Clancy Edwards on Saturday (20.03). Though Donald Quarrie has the fastest time on a Tuesday (19.86) and John Carlos on Thursday (19.92), those performances (like Mennea's world record and his mark for a Monday) benefited from having occurred at altitude—that is, 3,281 or more feet above sea level. But the fastest times for those days at sea level, 20.01 and 20.20, respectively, were achieved by Mennea. In other words, Mennea has or shares either the altitude or sea-level record for every day of the week.

We'd like to bid Godspeed to the retiring Mennea, even though the salutation seems, in his case, superfluous.

**THE GREEN (AS IN MONEY) DEMONS**

Sts. Bruce Anderson reports from Chicago on the basketball mania gripping top-ranked DePaul University on the eve of the NCAA tournament.

The fortunes of Ray Meyer's Blue Demons sank so low in the 1970s that the Vincentian Fathers who run DePaul considered dropping to Division II or III as a way of pruning what one administrator called "a bad limb on a tree." Through

much of the decade, DePaul was lucky to sell 400 season tickets in 5,308-seat Alumni Hall, and the athletic department lost as much as \$250,000 a year. But that was before Mark Aguirre & Co. arrived to awaken memories of the glory days of Center George Mikan in the '40s. Last fall the ageless Meyer moved his Blue Demons into the 17,000-seat Horizon Center in suburban Rosemont, and the school sold 14,106 season tickets, a figure that exceeds DePaul's enrollment. DePaul's games are televised on Chicago station WGN, and the Blue Demons made four appearances this season on national TV. Meyer's son, Joey, has a column in the Chicago Tribune, one of the few assistant coaches in the country with that kind of media exposure.

The city of the Bears, Cubs and other perennial disappointments was obviously starved for a winner. DePaul fans have been buying lamps, ice scrapers and other merchandise bearing a stylized drawing of the team mascot, Billy Blue Demon. A new booster club boasts 950 members and has already raised \$90,000. The athletic department hopes to show a \$250,000 profit for '80-81—not counting the lost that would be generated by an appearance in the NCAA's final four. Last December Vince Battaglia, the school's controller, was named director of men's basketball and made accountable directly to DePaul's president, the Very Reverend John R. Cortelyou. Bypassed in the new arrangement, the Reverend Robert Gielow, the athletic director, resigned. School officials explained that somebody with greater business experience was needed to run the now lucrative basketball program.

The move to the Horizon Center has left some fans grumbling about potholes in the parking lot and poor seats. But the Blue Demon basketball team has gained recognition for DePaul, an urban commuter school that used to be confused with DePaul, a Methodist college in Greencastle, Ind., and Cortelyou says the attention generated by the Blue Demons has helped swell the number of applications for admission. He quickly adds that enrollment, which has increased from 10,915 in 1975 to 13,356 last fall and represents a \$5 million annual increase in the university's revenues, would have grown in any event. Still, the situation is doubtless different from that at a major state school, Indiana University, where Coach Bobby Knight, participat-

ing in a recent panel discussion, asked how many members of the audience of 250, most of them students, had decided to attend IU because of its vaunted basketball program. Two hands were raised. One suspects that in a similar gathering of DePaul students, the number of hands in the air would be greater.

**THE DOW-JONES CLASSIC**

In a high school wrestling tournament in Greenville, N.C., New Bern High's Albra Stocks met Plymouth High's Robert Bonds in the consolation semifinals. Investors looking for possible economic portents, please take note. Bonds pinned Stocks in 1:18 of the second period.

**FAR-RANGING SIGHTINGS**

A wire-service story the other day said that bird watchers were descending on the wildlife refuge on Merritt Island, Fla., in hopes of spying a blacktailed godwit that a visitor reported seeing on a mud flat on Feb. 15. The blacktailed godwit had been seen fewer than a dozen times in North America, never south of North Carolina, and it had to stray 3,500 miles from its northern European habitat to reach Florida's east coast.

As it happens, the trek of Merritt Island's blacktailed godwit pales in comparison with a journey evidently undertaken by a gull whose sighting in the Samoa Islands on Jan. 23, 1980 has been reported in the magazine *American Birds*. Strange to say, no species of gull had ever been sighted in the Samoan until Corey, Shirley and Dirk Muse of Walla Walla, Wash., saw and photographed what they believe was a laughing gull on a beach in Western Samoa. The three Muses are bemused by the fact that the bird somehow wound up 5,000 miles from the species' nearest breeding areas in the U.S. and Mexico. But Samoans didn't take special notice of the exotic interloper, simply referring to it as a rufi, their name for any shorebird.

**THEY SAID IT**

● Bob Stanley, Red Sox pitcher, whose children are named Kyle and Kristin: "We've got two K's. One more and we'll have the inning over on strikeouts."

● Willie Nelson, country singer, asked what put is on a golf course he recently bought near Austin, Texas: "Anything I want it to be. For instance, this hole right here is a par-47—and yesterday I birdied the sucker."

END

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## FORD GRANADA

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# The New Ford Granada

# AND THEN UP JUMPED INDIANA

*The Hoosiers won their sixth Big Ten championship in the last nine years by catching and passing Iowa's Hawkeyes in the final week of a hectic regular season*

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

Isiah Lord Thomas III, full of grace, smoothed a wrinkle out of his three-piece suit and smiled serenely. Thomas' face is of a type often described as cherubic, and although it had been through the 18-game brawl euphemistically known as the Big Ten race, there wasn't a mark on it. Indiana had just defeated Michigan State 69-48 to wrap up its sixth conference championship in the past nine years. As the Hoosiers' floor leader, Thomas had a great deal to do with his team's spectacular recovery from a doleful December in which nothing Indiana did seemed to work out. "We'd just do dumb things to beat ourselves," Thomas said. "It was like a boxer who knocks himself out." In that way, at least, the Hoosiers are the perfect champions for the Big Ten, because seldom has a conference fed more violently on itself than this one has.

Iowa started the week with an opportunity to win the championship outright but finished with a disastrous two-game losing streak, and its coach grimly suggested there would be some lineup changes for the NCAA tournament. Illinois,

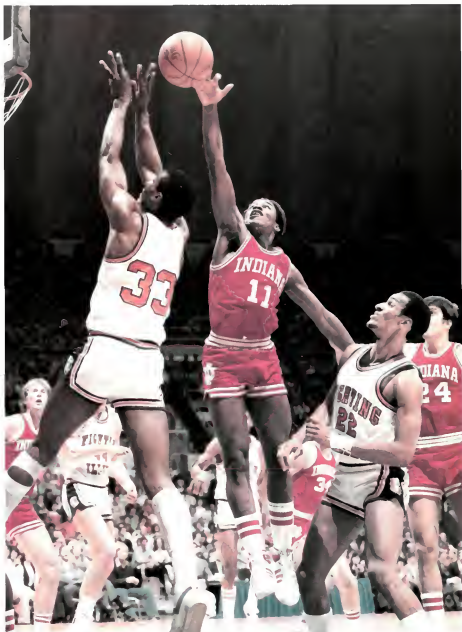
which received the league's third NCAA bid, after those to Indiana and Iowa, is good enough to be a contender for the national title.

Until the Big Ten can figure out a way to have every team in the conference finish 9-9 and get invited to the NCAAs, this year will serve nicely as a model of the league's amazing parity. Indiana won the conference title with a 14-4 record (it was 21-9 overall), but lost both its games with Iowa. The Hawkeyes (13-5, 21-6) finished second, but would have won the championship had they not lost three of four games to the two teams that finished in a tie for fifth, Ohio State and Minnesota. The Gophers (9-9) played five overtime games during the conference season—two of them double overtimes—and lost four. One of Minnesota's double OTs was against Michigan, which figures, because the Wolverines played five extra-period contests themselves and won four. Michigan began its season by

*continued*

*Rising to the occasion, Thomas blocks a shot by Eddie Johnson in Indiana's big win over Illinois*





running up a 9-0 record against non-conference opponents and was ranked as high as 12th in the SI Top 20. Naturally, it came as quite a shock when the Wolverines lost seven of their last eight Big Ten games and finished a dismal seventh.

No team was as great a disappointment as Ohio State, which opened the season as a threat to win the national championship and closed it as the group most likely to challenge for the American Kennel Club freestyle team title. The Buckeyes were so bad that during one stretch they lost to both Wisconsin and Northwestern, the Big Ten's only real parties. When Ohio State played at Indiana two weeks ago, alleged All-America candidate Herb Williams—the Buckeyes' 6'10" center—took only one shot the entire second half.

"I don't know what happened to the ball," said Williams after the Hoosiers' 74-58 victory. "If the ball don't come inside to me, we don't win no games." OSU Coach Eldon Miller, whose job was reported to be hanging by a flea-and-tick collar, kept flexing his mutt-on-chop sideburns and saying things like, "You'd better be able to defend Indiana with your offense." Huh?

Considering the kind of season it had been, it seemed only fitting, then, that the Buckeyes should play an important role in deciding the outcome of the conference race. Iowa had rolled into the final week of the regular season with an eight-game winning streak—the longest in the Big Ten this season—and a one-game lead over Indiana. All the Hawk-eyes had to do was defeat Michigan State and Ohio State, two second-division teams, and nothing the Hoosiers could accomplish would matter. Both games were on the road, true enough, but Iowa Coach Lute Olson seemed to consider that almost an advantage. "I'd much prefer this team to go into games with its back to the wall," he said. "That's when we perform best." If that were true, the Hawk-eyes couldn't have asked for more. Or come away with less.

Iowa is a team that was built not to self-destruct. Because its top eight players have almost equal importance, it hadn't had to depend on a star to win big games. Vince Brookins, a 6'6" senior forward, was the only Hawk-ey among the Big Ten's top 20 scorers, and he ranked 17th, with a 13.9-point average, as the week began. In fact, Iowa didn't lead in even one of the confer-

ence's statistical categories. "We're a team in every sense," says Olson. "It really doesn't make a whole lot of difference if one guy doesn't have a good scoring performance. With us, our top three players could have a poor night and somebody else would pick up the slack." Or as 6'11" Forward/Center Steve Wattle succinctly put it, "We really have to work hard to win because we don't have a lot of talent."

Iowa had prospered because of its balanced attack—the Hawk-eyes had four players in double figures in 16 games this season—but when it fell behind both Michigan State and Ohio State and needed a quick run of points, no one was there. Brookins' long jumpers from the corners are usually reliable, but against the Spartans and the Buckeyes he shot a miserable 9-for-30 from the field. His most crucial miss came with five seconds remaining in overtime in the 71-70 loss to the Spartans.

On the same night Iowa was going down in flames in East Lansing, Indiana was rising from the ashes in Champaign, Ill. The Hoosiers were 12-of-15 from the field and 17-of-18 from the free-throw line in the second half, and they were able to neutralize Illinois' outstanding guard trio of Derek Harper, Perry Range and Craig Tucker in a 69-66 victory. "Indiana might be the best outside-shooting team in the country," said Illini Coach Lou Henson.

It is probably a fair indication of the kind of peculiar year the Hoosiers have had that going into last week they led in five of the conference's seven statistical rankings, and still trailed Iowa in the Big Ten race. Certainly the Indiana that brushed aside Michigan State 69-48 on Saturday wasn't the same Indiana that was so fitful in December, when it finished non-conference play with a 7-5 record, the worst of any of the league's 10 teams. Coach Bobby Knight's teams have always been noted for their mental discipline, particularly in close games, and yet, of the six Indiana games decided by four points or fewer, the Hoosiers had lost all six. In their second meeting with hated rival Purdue, they surrendered a 13-point lead by connecting on only 12 of 25 free throws.

"We've been a very immature team," says Knight. "and immaturity is synonymous with inconsistency. We've had a lot of opportunities near the end of games



and we haven't taken advantage of them. We've only been beaten in three games. We lost the rest, and I just hate that. I'd rather get beat than lose."

Indiana didn't really begin to play well until 6'10" junior Forward Landon Turner had been in and out of Knight's doghouse a couple of times. At the start of the season, Knight was unsure whether Turner would ever be able to play for him, but while the rest of the Hoosiers were struggling during December, Turner performed well and often. Early in



Kenny Arnold, driving here against Michigan State, is one of four Hoosiers scoring in double figures.

the conference schedule. Turner was back on the end of the bench, unable to give Knight the kind of consistent board-work the coach demanded. "We were all, like, searching for ourselves," says Turner of Indiana's early difficulties. "Now we've, like, found ourselves." Against Michigan State, Turner was, like, 7-for-9 from the field for 16 points and had, like, nine rebounds.

As important as Turner and Center Ray Tolbert are to the success of Indiana's offensive shell game under the bow-

ket, the one indispensable Hoosier is Thomas, Indiana's leader in scoring, steals and assists also happens to be the best pure guard in the country, probably the best college guard since North Carolina's Phil Ford. It is a measure of his value to the team that Knight took the unprecedented step of making adjustments in his team's offense this year to accommodate Thomas' creativity.

Some people in the conference feel that Knight has made other accommodations for his sophomore star. For in-

stance, when Thomas slapped Purdue Guard Roosevelt Barnes in retaliation for Barnes' slapping him, Knight called a press conference for the express purpose of clearing Isiah's name. Nineteen days later, when Thomas was ejected from a game at Iowa for slapping 6' 10" Center Steve Krafchisin with the back of his hand, Knight again defended Thomas. The purity of Knight's motives, particularly because Thomas has been rumored to be unhappy under Bobby's thumb and about ready to bolt for the pros, has been questioned by some observers. Knight insists that Thomas had been given bum raps, and also says that Thomas has taken more than his share of the blame for Indiana's erratic play this year. "I think a tremendous burden has unfairly been placed on him," Knight says. "People expect Isiah to be great every time he touches the ball."

It's not surprising that when the rumor that Thomas would leave Indiana for the NBA next season was reported as fact on CBS Radio by Brent Musburger, the Hoover faithful got nervous. On the day Musburger delivered his scoop, the Ways and Means Committee of the Indiana House of Representatives abruptly halted its proceedings to call Bloomington and find out if it was true. Once they were given assurances that Thomas planned to stay in school for at least another year, the relieved legislators went back to work.

Last year Indiana won the Big Ten race and wound up being eliminated from the NCAA tournament by Purdue. The Boiler-makers, who finished third in last season's conference chase, went all the way to the Final Four, as did Iowa, which tied for fourth. Olson feels that the brutal league schedule explains the Big Ten's postseason success. "You can't have a down game in this league and not get waxed," he says. "That's why our teams always do so well in the tournament."

Only Knight remains unconvinced that this was a vintage year for the league. "The Big Ten is very competitive, with a lot of good teams," he says, "but it's not as good overall as the past several years. The ACC is a better conference this year, even though a lot of the coaches in our league would probably disagree with that."

A lot of them might, if they weren't so busy getting ready to mop up on the rest of the country the next couple of weeks.

END



## NEW ACTS FOR THE WHITE CIRCUS

*In a breakthrough World Cup meet at Aspen, America's Phil Mahre slalomed past the vaunted Stenmark, a Canadian took a run at the downhill title and, wonder of wonders, a Russian actually won a race* **by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON**

It happened in Aspen—a rare and super-charged four-day show staged by ski racing's traveling White Circus and so filled with drama, surprise and derring-do that it was hard to keep it all in perspective. Yet there was one overriding perception, change was in the air, and Aspen, the Colorado resort town, might well be remembered as a watershed in World Cup ski history.

One particularly dynamic change was that Phil Mahre, 23, the finest U.S. ski racer ever, defeated the golden Swede, Ingemar Stenmark, 24, the world's most successful ski racer, in a long and demanding giant slalom race. In so doing, Phil became the odds-on favorite to become the first non-European man ever to win the overall World Cup title. No other American male has been higher than sixth since the World Cup circuit was initiated in 1967.

Another scene of drastic change was the historic downhill victory scored in Aspen by—even now it sounds preposterous—a Russian. Close observers have

known for a while that the Russians were coming, but it was almost poetically ironic that the Soviets' first win in a World Cup event occurred in the Rocky Mountains on America's most venerable race course, the Roch Cup downhill, before a crowd that cheered with an endless chorus of cowboy yee-ows. The Russian winner, Valery Tsytanov, 24, looks more like a bartender at Aspen's Hotel Jerome than a native of the Soviet arctic, but this did little to soften the impact of his victory: power was shifting in the tight little world of World Cup skiing.

Besides these cosmic events on Ajax Mountain, there was also a gripping duel in which a helical Canadian narrowly missed a chance to become the first non-European ever to win the World Cup downhill title. And a victory by Tamara McKinney, 18, of Squaw Valley, in the women's giant slalom, as well as a stirring performance by the U.S. team in toto—the best squad in a decade or more.

Before the tour descended on Aspen for its annual late-season touchdown in

North America, the World Cup circuit had seemed to be schuving along in a reasonably predictable fashion. Most notably, Stenmark continued his dominance among the men in the slalom events, achieving his 62nd career World Cup victory (10 this season). Before Aspen, Stenmark also held what seemed to be a comfortable lead in overall World Cup points—260 to Phil Mahre's 219.

The first race at Aspen was a makcup downhill on Thursday that had been canceled in Schladming, Austria in February. It was a clear and radiant day, and the talk of the mountainside was whether Steve Podborski, the Canadian Olympic bronze medalist, would become the first non-European downhill champion by defeating Harti Weirather of Austria. He didn't. Podborski made a horrendous error in a steep upper section of the course and finished a sorry 10th. Weirather was superb—but he was also second. The winner of the race, to everyone's surprise, was Tsytanov, who proved to be a remarkably unstylish Soviet, the son of



*Timely advice from his twin helped Phil Mahre take the GS gates a mile faster than Stenmark*

now-retired smelting-mill workers in Monchegorsk, a town 60 miles south of Murmansk. Tsyganov had finished a dismal 68th in overall World Cup points in 1979, but was an impressive eighth in the 1980 Olympic downhill. When he streaked down the course, making splendid use of his skill as a giant slalomist in the tight turns of the bottom half of the run, and finished 26 seconds ahead of Weirather, only the most knowledgeable World Cup aficionados weren't startled. Said Switzerland's Raito Melcher, chairman of the FIS alpine competition committee, who has been watching the budding Soviet skier for a long time, "They will be a factor in alpine racing from now on."

The chief Soviet coach, Leonid Tsyganchev, tells anyone who asks that alpine skiing is sweeping the Soviet Union—indeed, he says, there are now some two million recreational skiers. And he was understandably ebullient over Tsyganov's triumph. "The World Cup is only preparation for winning the world championships and the Olympics," he said. "We want to be in the first rank of World Cup nations. We have reached the beginning of that now in Aspen."

The regularly scheduled downhill was held on Friday. Though he had refused to celebrate his victory unduly in order to be ready to go all out for a second possible triumph, Tsyganov fell near the top of the run, setting up the duel between Podborski and Weirather. The proposition was simple: to win the season's downhill trophy, Podborski had to win the race. Starting first, the Canadian performed brilliantly and led by half a second after a dozen more skiers had descended the 3,170-meter run. But No. 14, Weirather, was better by 28 of a second, perhaps the length of a ski, and thereby won the trophy.

After the dramatic men's downhill came the women's, an event won by 17-year-old Elisabeth Kirehler, a sweet-faced Austrian who, when asked if she was on the "B" team, dimpled shyly and said, "No, I come from the 'C' team. I suppose I may now be put up to the 'B'." In second place was Regine Mösenlechner of West Germany, while America's

Cindy Nelson, 25, in her 10th year of racing, took third, followed by her teammate, Holly Flanders, 23. It was a typically strong showing for the U.S. women, who have been improving all season. But the real breakthrough for them came on Sunday when McKinney not only won the giant slalom but also took a commanding lead in the competition for the World Cup giant slalom title. It was McKinney's third victory of the season. There is surprising depth in this year's women's squad that bodes extremely well for the future.

This is not the case with the U.S. men. Phil Mahre and his twin brother, Steve, are the only American men in the top 15 in the World Cup standings. Thus the pressure on them is constant—and irksome to the extent that both have spoken publicly about the staggering load they carry. Still, they have delivered handsomely. Steve won a slalom in Garmisch and Phil won one in Åre, Sweden, edging out an angrily disappointed Stenmark before throngs of his home-country fans. The Mahres have piled up points with lesser placings, and by skiing some of the downhill races that are included in combined-event scoring.

At Aspen there was no combined-event scoring, so the twins decided to pass up the downhill on the theory that full-time concentration on the giant slalom would serve them better. It was good strategy. The first run made it clear that victory would go to either Stenmark or

Phil Mahre. Stenmark flashed down the extremely long course (1,029 meters—longest of the season) in 1:35.24, while Mahre was timed in 1:35.43, nearly a second and a half ahead of his closest rival in the field. Steve Mahre finished fifth in the first run.

Steve went first in the second heat and finished with a two-run time of 3:15.22. Still pointing from the exertion, he grabbed a walkie-talkie and gasped instructions to Phil, waiting at the top. He warned his brother of a slick spot at one gate up high and told him that the conditions varied greatly from one section to the next. Moments later Phil stormed down the hill. His interval time was 1:07.10, his second-run total 1:37.33, his cumulative time for the two runs, 3:12.76. Stenmark began his run before Phil had finished his. Standing anxiously next to Steve, Phil watched the finish-line digital clock ticking off Stenmark's seconds. His interval was a stunning 1:06.32—more than half a second faster than Phil's. It seemed that the Swede would easily gain his 63rd lifetime World Cup win.

But something went wrong on the lower section. Once, twice, three times over a few yards, Stenmark's edges slid, costing him infinitesimal fractions of time. As he crossed the finish, the clock read 1:37.66. There was a hushed pause as the crucial computation was made, then the crowd sent up a Rocky Mountain bellow that echoed from peak to peak. Phil was first, Stenmark second, Steve third.

The lilywhithe formulae by which World Cup points are calculated is mind-boggling. To keep it mercifully simple: Phil Mahre left Aspen trailing Stenmark 234 points to 260. There are two slaloms and three giant slaloms remaining in the World Cup season, to be run in winter garden spots from Furano, Japan to Kranjska Gora, Yugoslavia. Under the scoring system, Stenmark can gain only five more points, while Phil Mahre—if he won every race—could add 72 to his total. He won't win every race, but he will probably become the first American ever to win the overall World Cup championship. In this season of change and surprise, that seems only logical—just as logical as it will in a winter not so far off when some young Soviet does the same thing. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL KELLY



Tsyganov's downhill Cup win was the Soviets' first ever

# THE TRADE THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

*Although many teams have acquired outstanding players since the end of last season, probably none has strengthened itself as much as the Brewers* **by RON FIMRITE**

At the Milwaukee Brewers' spring training camp in Sun City, Ariz., it is simply called "The Trade," capital T, capital T. Just as with references to, say, The Chief in Washington or The Man in St. Louis, no further explanation is indicated. The Trade is what could bring the Brewers The Pennant, capital T, capital P, period. It has already brought Rollie Fingers, the relief pitcher who holds the major league career record for saves (244), from San Diego by way of St. Louis; Ted Simmons, the switch-hitting catcher with an 11-year career major league batting average of .298, from St. Louis; and Pete Vuckovich, a 28-year-old starting pitcher who has won 99 games in the last three seasons, also from St. Louis. In exchange the Brewers gave up outfielders Sixto Lezcano and David Green and pitchers Lary Sorensen and Dave LaPoint. Some of the biggest names in baseball—Fred Lynn, Bruce Sutter, Don Sutton, Ron LeFlore—have taken their shows on the road this year, too, but for Brewer-watchers *New Faces of 1981* is strictly a Milwaukee production.

In truth, The Trade may actually be one that, in baseball parlance, "helps both teams." The Cardinals are getting a 27-year-old Gold Glove outfielder, Lezcano, who, though he slumped to a baffling .229 last year, hit .321 with 28 homers and 101 RBIs in 1979, and a 25-year-old pitcher, Sorensen, who has won 27 games the past two seasons, plus two outstanding minor league prospects. But the Brewers, already one of the most powerful teams in baseball, had more specific needs, and in the view of the team hierarchy, those needs were filled by The Trade.

Last year the Brewers lost 29 of 31 games in which they were either ahead or tied after the seventh inning, a depressingly clear indication of bullpen inadequacy. Because the team had power aplenty (a league-leading 203 homers), Manager Boh (Buck) Rodgers says, "We



*A top heater with St. Louis, Simmons is working hard to adjust to the challenge of a new league*

could win the 10-2 games, what we couldn't do was win the 2-1, 3-2 games." Enter the 34-year-old Fingers, who may be the best reliever in history. The 1980 Brewers lacked depth in their starting rotation, so when Jim Stalon, a 15-game winner in 1979, suffered a rotator cuff injury last spring, there was no adequate replacement for him. Stalon is back this spring after pitching only 16 innings last year, purportedly as good as new, but even if he isn't, the strong-armed Vuckovich is at the ready. The Brewers also felt they could use another left-handed hitter to protect Cecil Cooper and Ben Oglivie, but only a few months ago acquiring a lefty (and righty) swinger of Simmons' stature seemed as realistic as signing Ted Williams.

The remarkable transaction that has moved all these high-priced bodies from one Midwestern city to another had its genesis in a daring player-position switch. Paul Molitor, 24, had been an All-America shortstop at the University of Minnesota, but when the Brewers signed him out of college in 1977, they already had an outstanding shortstop in Robin Yount, who was only a year older. So the Brewers transformed Molitor into a second baseman. Though he had rarely played there before, Molitor became good enough to be elected to the starting lineup of the 1980 American League All-Star team. He missed the game because of a pulled rib-cage muscle, an injury that provoked much celebration among the Brewer brass. Even though Molitor had hurt himself swinging a bat, the mishap revived long-held fears that second base, the scene of many collisions, was too hazardous a location for a player of Molitor's limitless offensive potential and apparent fragility.

Former Manager George Bamberger, who put Molitor there in the first place, has admitted that "I always wanted to get him off second base. Don't get me wrong—he's a helluva second baseman, but he was out there where he could be taken out in double plays, and Paul, at bat, is the player who makes things happen for us. He's the kind of player you want to keep in the lineup every day."

Molitor was leading the league with a .358 average when the injury benched him on June 6. He missed 43 days and was favoring the injured side when he returned. Still, he finished the season hit-



The gritty Vuckovich had a 12-9 record last season even though St. Louis was 14 games under .500

ting .304 in 111 games, scoring 81 runs as the leadoff man and stealing 34 bases. What was most significant about his lay-off was that his frequent replacement, Jim Gantner, finished the year hitting .282 in 132 games. Gantner had long been regarded as a superlative defensive player; his veteran teammate Sal Bando rates him the equal of Kansas City's slick Frank White as a second baseman. It was now apparent he could hit big-league pitching. The front-office brains were fairly whirring.

Molitor is quick and fast, and he has a shortstop's strong arm: a natural center-fielder. In the outfield he would be out

of harm's way and he would have even more leisure time to develop his already formidable skills as a hitter and base runner. But the Brewers' outfield of Oglivie in left, Gorman Thomas in center and Lezcano in right seemed set. In fact, both offensively and defensively, it was one of the best in baseball. To make room for Molitor, someone would have to go. But who? Thomas had led the league with 45 home runs in 1979 and had averaged 38 homers and 104 RBIs the past three seasons. Oglivie had tied Reggie Jackson for the American League home run lead with 41 last year and had driven in 118 runs. That left Lezcano. *continued*

Thomas is a good centerfielder whose strengths are anticipation and knowledge of the hitters, but he doesn't have the range a player with Molitor's speed could have. As a rightfielder, Thomas' lack of speed wouldn't be a handicap. The Brewers decided to gamble on putting Lezcano up for batter. "Sixto became expendable," says Rodgers. "We knew we had to give up quality to get quality. We had to decide what good player to give up." That was Sixto.

The quality player Rodgers and General Manager Harry Dalton wanted in return was Fingers, the desperately needed relief pitcher. With Lezcano as bait, Dalton went to the winter meetings in Dallas determined to make a deal with San Diego for Fingers. But Whitey Herzog, the Cardinals' manager-general manager, who bought, sold and traded in Texas like an oil sheik, got to him first. Fingers went to St. Louis in a populous 11-player swap on Dec. 8.

With Fingers gone, Dalton went back to the drawing board. But not for long.

To his—and Fingers'—astonishment, the very next day Herzog traded for the expensive reliever, Sutter. If Fingers isn't the best relief pitcher in history, Sutter probably is. How could there be room for both in the same bullpen? Herzog posed that question to Fingers during the meetings. "Whitey asked me what I thought about pitching with Sutter," Rollie recalls. "I said it would be fine with me. It would be nice having somebody to share the work. I told Whitey it was his ball club, that he had already done me a favor by getting me out of San Diego and with a contender."

Nevertheless, it was obvious to baseball savants—Dalton not the least of them—that Fingers would soon be back on the market. Dalton reopened negotiations for him, dangling Lezcano before the St. Louis wheeler-dealer. Herzog's first bombshell at the meetings had been the signing of free agent Darrell Porter of Kansas City, so he had an additional quality catcher, too. Dalton remembers: "I went to the meetings con-

vinced that Kansas City would sign Porter." Now he began thinking more expansively. If Sutter had made Fingers available, Porter had surely made Simmons available. Simmons himself arrived at the same inescapable conclusion.

"Any reasonable evaluation of the situation would lead to it," said the catcher, an antique collector and a trustee of the St. Louis art museum. "They weren't going to pay Darrell all that money not to catch. And they weren't going to take a batting champion and MVP, the best defensive first baseman on earth [Keith Hernandez], and move him to left field so I could play first. And they weren't going to play me in leftfield every day. The situation as it was presented to me couldn't lead to any conclusion other than the one I reached."

Dalton, who had hoped to pick up maybe Fingers and Vuckovich, now set his cap for Simmons as well. He was prepared to sweeten the Lezcano package with Sorensen, a pitcher with a 52-46 four-year won-lost record. But Herzog



Speedy Ron LaFlore returns to the American League with the White Sox after stealing 87 bases for the Expos in 1980.



Don Sutton, the longtime L.A. Dodger star and 1980 ERA champion, gives pitching-rich Houston another strong arm.

also wanted Green, considered by many scouts to have been the best of 1980's minor league hitters, and LaPoint, a promising young pitcher. Dalton parted with Green reluctantly, particularly after the youngster led the winter Mexican League with a .323 average. "You use the farm system to build the big club. You do that either by advancing players or using their potential to acquire other players," he said, rationalizing the loss.

In years past trading baseball players was about as complicated as trading baseball cards. No more. Fingers and Vuckovich are both in the final year of their contracts, which means that if the Brewers can't sign them, they will become free agents at the end of this season. Simmons had three more years remaining on his Cardinal contract, but as a 10-year veteran with five years on the same team, he had the right, under the existing players-owners Basic Agreement, to veto any trade. Herzog had agreed to let him go, but Dalton and Brewers President Bud Selig still had to persuade him to

come to Milwaukee. And the catcher is nobody's fool.

"I had a certain leverage I wouldn't normally have," Simmons says. "I didn't use money as a guillotine, but it was a considerable factor."

Dalton is equally discreet in discussing a subject of such delicacy. "To get his [Simmons'] assent," he says, "we found it necessary to make our offer more attractive. The times have changed."

After several gentlemanly conversations, it was agreed that the Brewers would pick up the remaining years on Simmons' contract at a salary of \$640,000 a year, and add a \$750,000 bonus in the form of cash and other considerations. The complex trade was consummated on Dec. 12, only four days after Herzog and Dalton sat down to chat at a breakfast table in a Dallas hotel. Fingers had passed through the hands of three teams in four days so to speak.

The Brewers still weren't finished. On Dec. 23 they picked up free agent Roy Howell, a lefthand-hitting third baseman

with power. The former Toronto Blue Jay will provide valuable infield insurance if Don Money hasn't fully recovered from knee surgery and if Bando, as expected, retires. On March 1 Milwaukee traded another outfielder, Dick Davis, to the Phillies for Randy Lerch, a 4-14 pitcher last year but 31-27 from 1977 to '79. There may be more deals to come, because it is assumed that one of the two pre-Simmons front-line catchers, Charlie Moore or Buck Martinez, will go, possibly for more pitching help.

Optimism is rampant among both new and old Brewers in Sun City, a retirement community where that sentiment is necessarily in short supply. Simmons, always a hard worker, has taken enthusiastically to his new environment. He is one of the first players to report for the morning workouts and, though his stinging line drives rend the soft desert air, he has been taking extra batting practice in preparation for his first American League season. "It's like moving to another country," he says of the *continued*



Bruce Sutter, formerly of the Cubs, is a welcome reliever for the Cardinals, who had trouble holding on to leads last season.



Shortstop Rick Burleson and Centerfielder Fred Lynn were teammates with the Red Sox and still are with California.



*A power hitter and defensive specialist when he was with the Angels, Outfielder Joe Foweraker should find the peculiarities of Boston's Fenway Park ideally suited to his style of play*



*In an exchange of third basemen, the Red Sox obtained Carney Lansford, an up-and-coming all-round star, and the Angels got Butch Hobson, a long-ball hitter slowed by injury in '80*



*Because of arm trouble, Frank Tanana had a difficult time with California most of last year, but the late-season improvement he showed made the Red Sox believe he could be a big winner again*

change of leagues. "Everything is going to be exciting."

"Coming to a contender was all I was interested in," says Fingers. "I want to play in another World Series [he pitched in three for the Oakland A's]. I want to sign a long-term contract. I know they're looking at somebody who is 34, but Charlie [Finley] told me I was washed up my last year in Oakland, and San Diego kept waiting for me to run out of gas." The Royals' durability in 1980 to give him its Royals Relief Award for the third time in the last four seasons. Vuckovich now speaks happily of the prospect of pitching for "one of the most devastating line-ups in the game."

And both Manager Rodgers and former Manager Bamberger, who is helping out in spring training, are convinced the Molitor move will improve the Brewer defense. "Paul will take to centerfield like a duck to water," says Rodgers. "With his quickness and agility, he'll be a natural. And Gantner showed me he could make the double play as well as anyone in the American League, maybe in all of baseball." "Molitor will be another Paul Blair," says Bamberger. "And to me Blair was just about the best outfielder I've ever seen."

And what says Molitor himself, the pivotal figure in all these machinations? "I've heard about the shift for three years now," he reflects. "But they only used me in centerfield in two exhibition games. I haven't really played there since grammar school. I'd worked hard to become a good second baseman. I was a little disgruntled, a little ticked off, when I first heard they were serious about moving me to centerfield, but I was flattered at the same time that I was the infielder they chose to do it. I think centerfield is a position that demands greatness. I'm using that as a confidence factor."

Innocently enough, this likeable young man is responsible for one of the major trades of the past 10 years, a gamble that could pay off with a World Series or that could fail and leave the Brewers looking up once more at the Orioles and the Yankees. But if Molitor is what his superiors think he is and Rodgers plays his ex-cards right, the Brewers could pick up the big pot. One thing is certain: they're going for it.

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## ABC FIGURED IT WAS ON THICK ICE

On Feb. 11 Mike Gougan, a reporter for *The Hartford Courant*, called sportscaster Dave Smith at WFSB-TV to ask his reaction to something he had just heard at the Civic Center: that ABC's exclusive contract to broadcast last week's World Figure Skating Championships there would keep all local camera crews out. WFSB-TV had been assuming that it would be allowed to show snippets of each day's action on its daily news broadcasts. Now, for the first time, Smith learned that his station could be shut out of an event for which the city had been preparing for three years. WFSB General Manager Bill Ryan telephoned ABC, requesting a waiver. "From the beginning we didn't want to steal from ABC Sports but present the news," Ryan said later. "The Worlds is the biggest thing ever to happen in Hartford, next to Governor Ciroso's dying. I guess it's the biggest story of the year." ABC said no dice: it planned to show action from the championships on its *Wide World of Sports* program on the two week-end following the event. Without ABC's consent there could be no televising of any part of it anywhere in the U.S.

To clarify its rights, WFSB went to court the week before the championships, and thus began a battle that would raise basic questions: What is news? What is entertainment? WFSB claimed that while the championships were entertainment in Chicago, they were news in Hartford. If sports are both news and entertainment, what constitutional rights apply? Could a network conceivably prohibit staff photographers from covering an event?

WFSB's suit was against the co-sponsors of the event, the Skating Club of Hartford, Inc. and The Travelers Insurance Company, as well as the City of Hartford, all of whom had proposed to the U.S. Figure Skating Association that the championships be held in Hartford. The USFSA had in turn presented the proposal to the International Skating Union. The ISU approved Hartford's bid and sold U.S. television rights for one year to Dick Button's Candis Productions, Inc. for \$165,000. Button cleared a quick \$85,000 by assigning the rights to ABC, the company he broadcasts for, for \$250,000.

WFSB's position, attorney Karl Fleishmann told Chief Federal District Court Judge

T Emmet Clark, was that the station had constitutional rights of access to the championships under the First and Fourteenth Amendments, that the event's magnitude in a city of Hartford's size (136,000) made it news, and that brief excerpts shown as news on WFSB would not, in any case, deprive ABC and *Wide World of Sports* of any earnings. For the defense, attorney Charles F. Concom III replied that a contract was a contract and that "the right to speak and publish does not carry with it the unrestrained right to gather information."

On the day before the championships were to begin, Judge Clark ruled against WFSB and for the validity of ABC's contract and by extension, for CBS and NBC, whose sports programming also relies on exclusivity. His decision accepted the sponsors' argument that a purveyor of news has no "special right of access to information which it does not yet possess. The plaintiff has no constitutional right of special access to this event and the restrictions are not arbitrary in nature." He concluded: "Figure skating is a uniquely visual sport. Newspaper and radio coverage will not diminish its commercial value, television broadcasting could do so. Any approach other than upholding this limited restriction could jeopardize the revenue derived from future entertainment contracts."

WFSB then decided to sign an indemnity agreement offered by the Skating Club to all three local stations. The agreement allowed the stations to film the championships but protected the sponsors from any lawsuits that might be brought by ABC against them in the event the stations violated ABC's exclusivity. By sundown Monday, March 2, all three stations had signed. "I didn't want to," said Ryan, "but I did."

A WFSB crew showed up at the opening day's events on March 3. Excerpts were promptly shown on WFSB newscasts. Next day WFSB News Director Dick Ahles, two



AHLES WAS BARRED FROM SHOOTING AT THE CHAMPIONSHIPS

cameramen and three reporters were barred from the Civic Center.

"How come?" Ahles asked.

"The lawyers have asked us not to let you in," he was told.

"Whose lawyers?" Ahles asked. "Did ABC buy the rights to the city, too?" Ahles wanted to know.

The barring of WFSB sent everybody back to Judge Clark's court. By adjournment on March 5, it appeared that he felt WFSB's case was not without merit. ABC decided it had better send in its big guns. Despite a furious snowstorm, a Piper aircraft carrying network heavies took off from La Guardia Airport in New York and touched down near midnight at the Branford airport on Hartford city limits. Next morning two high-powered lawyers, plus Senior Vice-President for ABC sports Jim Spence, were in court. "Exclusivity, Your Honor, is at the heart of our business," Spence said, adding that if WFSB were allowed back into the Civic Center, "we would be in the posture of presenting a rerun."

In the end, but without specifically dealing with the questions raised by the concept of exclusivity, Judge Clark reaffirmed the validity of ABC's contract. And so the World Figure Skating Championships came and went, substantially uncovered by local television. The larger First and Fourteenth Amendment question, WFSB raised, will most likely be argued before the Second Circuit Court of Appeals sitting in New York City.

END

**O.K.** you guys. In case you haven't noticed, the UCLA song girls are over by the men's gym working on their halftime routine for Saturday's game. That's Renee Gibson in the electric-yellow designer sweats. Hi, Renee! Love your sweats! And there's Jayne Papac—she's the captain of the squad, O.K.—discussing the music for the group's next performance with Hazel Bracey and Diane Bessie.

"O.K., you guys. *Mango* and *Rock Lobster* are out," says Jayne, pronounced Jayne.

"I'm sure!"

"But we can still do *Enough Is Enough*."

"How fun?"

Today is very important, because the song girls' new basketball sweaters have arrived. That's Julie Hayek over there trying on one now. The sweaters are cobalt blue and have UCLA stitched across the chest. Julie's best letters happen to be U and A. Has anyone since Lana Turner looked better in a sweater than Julie Hayek? No.

Many of these particular sweaters don't fit, however. They look all droopy and hideous, and they are causing paroxysms of grief where hope once lived. What a disappointment! "Look at this, you guys," shrieks Renee, her face accent grave. "No way! This is gross! Oh, Julie, look, you guys. Oh, Julie! You'll have to pin that. Maybe we can get them taken in. You guys?"

It's important that the sweaters fit, of course. Just as it's important that the pom-poms shake, the eyes flash, the smiles brighten entire arenas and the legs kick impossibly high. Everything the UCLA song girls do, in fact, has taken on an added degree of importance since the NCAA finals in Indianapolis last March, when they accompanied the Bruin basketball team to the final four and got themselves discovered.

Despite an unimpressive regular season, the Bruins qualified for the NCAA's 857-team tournament field, and played exceedingly well before finally being beaten by Louisville 59-54 in the championship game. But if Indianapolis' Market Square Arena was the UCLA basketball team's Water-loo, it was the song girls' very own Schwab's Drugstore. Every time they walked onto the floor, some of the less well-liked members of the Louisville band held up numbers rating their performance, as if they were scoring a diving meet. Jaded old sportswriters actually left their free cold cuts in the press room and caught the song girls' halftime show. Is it any wonder that a lot of people are rooting for the UCLA song girls to make it to this year's NCAA final four in Philadelphia? No.

"All the publicity we got last year was weird," says Azeldria (A.Z.) McCarns. "We had never been exposed to anything like that. It seemed kind of out of place, because it was as if we were the stars and the basketball team was backing us up."

O.K., A.Z.! Love your concept! But if the song girls are toe-tappingly, team-toppingly, heart-stoppingly wonderful

is a group, can they be equally wonderful individually? Yes, they can. The song girls are, in capsule:

Bessie, 24-year-old senior Spanish and Spanish Lit. major. Crewed up (to be six feet tall) in San Francisco in French-Hungarian-Italian-Spanish family. Became disoriented by excessive hyphenation and left home at 17, never to return. Attended Chico State until she awoke one morning to discover she wasn't breathing. More disorientation. Learned she was allergic to Chico, for which no known cure. Enrolled at California at San Diego as dance major, subsequently was told school wasn't offering dance classes. "How does anybody ever graduate from that place?" she wondered. Dropped out of school for two years and became instructor in health spa in Tecate, Mexico. "Adopted" by Los Angeles family visiting spa for week. Waitressing at Venice Beach seafood restaurant, she was recruited by UCLA crew

## EIGHT BEAUTIES AND A BEAT

UCLA's dancing, prancing song girls are college basketball's best halftime show

by BRUCE NEWMAN

Clockwise from bottom left, the UCLA eight: Pupa, Gibson, Bessie, Bracey, Hayek, McCarns, Sue, Papac.

coach, who admired her grace, her physique, her lobster thermador. Quit team when she realized "No one comes to watch you row crew unless they are very lonely." Last year was named Miss Santa Monica and Miss Congeniality in same beauty pageant.

Hayek, 20-year-old junior psychobiology major. Name is Czechoslovak. Julie has thing about teeth. "When I was little," she says, already stretching credibility, "I wanted braces so badly I took a paper clip and bent it so it fit across my teeth." Prayers finally answered in junior high school. "I liked it when I had braces. It makes such a difference in a person." Insists that when sophomore in high school she was so incredibly emaciated friends called her Stück. "I was so flat," she says, "people thought I would become a high-fashion model. I couldn't do that now because I'm too curvy. I was blessed with my mom's body." Began modeling bath-

ing suits when only 15. Every time she got good job, mother made her stop floes to keep her from "getting star crazy or something." Recently did pinup poster for 20th Century-Fox and 12,000 square feet of linoleum for Mom. Plans to spend six years in dental school, then dedicate life to mal-occlusions and underbites. "If I have to, I'll be a movie star for a few years, then go back and work on people's teeth," she vows. Once lost top of halftime uniform while dancing in front of band at women's basketball game, causing every spit valve in horn section to weld shut and two freshman percussionists to attain puberty at precisely same moment. Dates Tim Wrightman, tight end on Bruin football team.

McCarns, 22-year-old senior psychology major. Father, L.A. postman at time, found name Azeldria on letter he delivered shortly before first daughter born. Could have been worse. Father later became bus driver; name might have be-

continued



come Please Have Exact Change McCarns. Family moved into nearly all-white neighborhood in central Los Angeles 18 years ago. Now only white family left in A.Z.'s neighborhood is named Frisbee. Slinky family moved out years ago. A.Z. started dancing at age five, but performed publicly only once. Big, fat, bored-looking woman in sunglasses sat in front row cracking knuckles all through performance. "Finally I freaked and ran offstage," A.Z. says. Fortunately, Westwood zoning ordinance prohibits big, fat, bored-looking ladies from even entering Pauley Pavilion, where UCLA plays home games. In addition to song-girling, A.Z. is also ad manager for Nimmio, campus black special-interest newspaper, and does work with underprivileged and handicapped through Alpha Kappa Alpha, a black sorority. A former boyfriend "didn't like me being in the limelight," and suggested she not try out for the squad this year. Why former boyfriend?

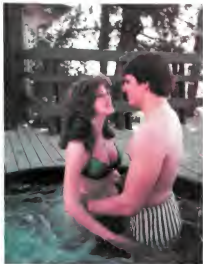
Gibson, 21-year-old junior English major. Has best teeth, best eyes and strangest vocabulary on squid. Says preppy clothes are "gagful." Has been known to say "I'm sure!" "guy!" "no way!" "gross!" "blow it off!" "whoa, baby!" and "how fast!" in space of single sentence. Daughter of Hoot Gibson, former quarterback at University of Nebraska. Grew up in politically conservative Orange County, and used to dance in Disneyland's Main Street Electrical Parade. Was Cinderella Dancer. "You do the parade," she explains, "then the hoedown, then they tram you over to Bear Country, then you get ready for the next parade." Supported Richard Nixon in 1972. Ronald Reagan in 1980. What about 1976? "In '76 Winnie-the-Pooh ran for President at Disneyland, and we did this show!" she says. Thinks the U.S. should "say later days" to Social Security system. Also welfare: "Blow 'em off." Would like career as TV newscaster, although confesses she doesn't always stay on top of the news. "I didn't find out about the hostages in Iran until I got home from school last summer," she says.

Papac, 21-year-old senior sociology major. Name is Yugoslav. Father is Nick Papac, former quarterback for Oakland Raiders. "My dad always said, 'If you were a boy, I'd make a quarterback out of you.' I was the first kid, but I didn't turn out to be the quarterback." Calls being song girl "something athletic I could do that would still be feminine." Noted overachiever. Started dancing when she was "this really happy little kid," and was teaching tap by high school. Has been instructor at summer cheerleading camps for past four years. Last winter carried 17 academic units, worked in children's clinic at UCLA medical center, cheered at two to four games a week and finished quarter with a 3.5 GPA. Broke right arm in November shortly before leaving with football team for trip to Japan for Mirage Bowl.

Krisann Pulos, 19-year-old sophomore theater arts major. Grandparents emigrated from Greece, eventually winding up in Portland, Ore., where family opened restaurant called The Old Spaghetti Factory, serving cannelloni, tortellini, lasagna and other traditional Greek dishes. Won TV-commercial competition in international model-of-the-year contest at age 16. Recently authored first play, complicated story of love, envy and three people in tights yelling at each other a lot. Turn-ons: "People and just everyday things—working to be the best person you can be—are the most important things to me." Show business her life. Not so sure



Practice makes perfect for the song girls, whose routines aren't a bit routine



Aspiring dancer Hayek shows her chopppers to friend Tom Wrightman



It takes 10 hours of rehearsal to prepare a three-minute halftime dance



McCormick is advertising manager for *Nommo*, a black student paper

about being song girl again, however. "I always think how many girls would love to do it, and I think, guy, Krisann? You'd be crazy not to try out again. But then I think, guy, I'm sure I've had my year, maybe I should give some other girl a chance."

Bracey, 20-year-old junior psychology major. Born in Glasgow to English father and Scottish mother. Wee bit of lass at 5' 9" with gums that make boys' minds gang aft a-gley. Earned academic scholarship to UCLA and maintains 3.4 GPA. Likes being song girl because, "It gives me an identity, makes me not just another number at school. It's my contribution, and at the same time it's been a positive thing for me. Since I've been a song girl my grades have gone up." So has social life. "You get more dates when you're a song girl," she says, "but why? I didn't become cuter with a more dynamic personality when I made the squad." Admits she is "kind of wrapped up in myself," which doesn't sound like such a bad place to be wrapped up. Drives orange MG. "I don't like to be average," she says. Isn't.

Melanie Sue, 21-year-old senior sociology major. Half Chinese, but says Sue isn't real name. Won't say what is. Claims when ancestors settled in this country, they sent identity papers to other members of family still in China, who used them to enter U.S. Says this worked because "we all look alike to you anyway." Ah, Sue. Comes from Air Force family and has lived in eight different places. Dayton only place she lived in twice, which is a shame. Salad-bar queen. Says she always wanted to be UCLA song girl. Can still barely contain her excitement. "If you can get by all the crap and roll with the punches, it's all right," says Melanie.

Although the UCLA song girls are often called cheerleaders, the two terms aren't interchangeable. The two teams aren't interchangeable either. The song girls are halftime performers who get up and yell during the game when the spirit moves them. The cheerleaders actually have more male members—five—than female—two—and are more apt to jump up and down. The first song girls are believed to have appeared at UCLA games in 1929, the year the school moved from East Hollywood to a brand-new campus in Westwood. "The only time they performed was at football games," says Dr. Norman Miller, former vice-chancellor of student affairs. "The yell leaders then were always fellows, and it was traditional to sing a song with the band, so the girls would lead the singing and wave the pompons. They weren't dance girls. They didn't get that dance thing started until we moved into Pauley Pavilion in 1965. Bill Ackerman [to whom the early song girls reported] said he always tried to get them to dance, but he could never get them trained and coordinated enough."

The song girls don't sing anymore, except occasionally in the shower, on their own time. An attempt was made a few years ago to change the name to the "dance team," but it just didn't sing, and it was ignored. People didn't want an all-girl glee club, after all; they wanted dancing. And so they got rhythm, they got music, they got their girls. And who could ask for anything more?

And yet there was one thing more, one very important thing that probably had more to do with making UCLA's song girls the sideline sirens they have become than all the pompons in Christendom. From 1948 through 1975 the Bruin basketball teams of John Wooden won 667 games, just

continued

only 161 and won 10 national championships. When Jody Hammond was a song girl (1970-72), UCLA didn't lose a single home game. Hammond, now a reporter for KNX all-news radio in Los Angeles, says that those days were also a special time for the song girls. "Whenever we went to away games," says Hammond, "we always got a terrific response from the home crowd, probably because we were a little more Hollywood than most cheerleaders. People would come up and ask for our autographs, and we just weren't used to that at home. Maybe it was the California Girl mystique, the allure of the girl who is athletic, energetic and always has a big smile on her face."

In 1971, while Hammond was still on the squad, Lyle Timmerman, now special assistant to the vice-chancellor, became the group's new adviser. Timmerman's first few years in charge of the song girls were stormy ones. "Rah-rah wasn't one of the high campus priorities at the time," he says. "In 1972 I was running the tryouts for the dance team in one room of the student union building and between girls I had to run into another room to deal with the leaders of the strike committee that had the whole damn campus shut down." The early '70s were years of increasing militance on college campuses, and as Timmerman learned only too soon, even the glamorous UCLA song girls weren't immune to that.

In the 1971-72 and '72-73 school years the song girl squad consisted of six white girls and one Oriental, some say the Oriental girl being a concession to pressure from Oriental students. "We went through a period when all the girls were about five feet tall because they wanted a squad that was balanced in size," recalls Miller ruefully. "Once you mixed the Oriental girls in there—they were so short—it brought the size of the whole group down."

Attempts at tokenism did nothing to appease the increasing anger of black students, who knew that there had not been a black song girl for years. At the 1972 tryouts five



The Bruin song girls are frequently cheery, even if they aren't actually cheerleaders.

black girls who had auditioned unsuccessfully for the squad formed their own group, demanded and got their own uniforms and performed at games the following year. The regular song girl team was integrated a year later when Charline Chandler tried out and was selected, but the events of the previous year had created such hard feelings on both sides that for three years thereafter the number of girls trying out dropped sharply.

Meanwhile, there were troubles on another front: competition for America's affections from the USC song girls across town. "The rivalry with UCLA was always very much in the air," says Dolly Zachary, a USC song girl in 1975-76 and now a Los Angeles Laker cheerleader. "They had better dancers, but we always had the best-looking girls."

Timmerman has suggested that USC plagiarized some of UCLA's dance numbers, but Zachary denies it. "They stole routines from us," she says indignantly. "We didn't even



Paper (left), a psychology major, has a 3.5 grade-point average. Pledge Charman Gibson talks to members of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

like their routines. Hey, their first white sweater was in 1975, and USC had been wearing white sweaters for ages. There was a little friction when they copied that from us."

It isn't surprising that so many former song girls have gone on to successful professional careers. In addition to Hammond, who just won a Golden Mike for her work at KNX radio, Joanne Ishimine (1970-72) is making airwaves in L.A. as a news reporter for KABC-TV. Esther Friedman-Sinclair earned a Ph.D. in psychology and is teaching at UCLA medical school. Amy Grossman (1973-75) is a theatrical agent in Hollywood. Jane Dale, who was discovered by her agent when she was a song girl, has a part in an upcoming Muppet movie and was a dancer on NBC's *The Big Show* before it was canceled. And who will ever forget the euphoniously monickered Delight Slotemaker de Bruine, who recently appeared in an L.A. production of *Annie Get Your Gun*? Some of their careers undoubtedly were launched by their having been song girls, others helped by it not at all, but it's something that they are all remembered for. "It's really hard getting away from the song girl image," says Hammond. "Somehow being a UCLA song girl and a news reporter don't really go together. It's something I'm very proud of, but there is a certain stigma attached to it. People who know about it expect you to be real rah-rah and very all-American, whatever that means."

Hammond and Ishimine were on the same squad in 1971, the year the song girls rocked the NCAA final four by being ejected from the Brigham Young University student store for wearing hotpants that were deemed too risqué for Mormon eyes. But hotpants were just the beginning. Soon they were wearing leotards and long skirts during their halftime dance routines, and finally—perhaps inevitably—came last year's spectacularly décolleté uniforms. "You really can't dance with a heavy sweater on," says Hayek. "Leotards reveal anybody's body, and one thing we're known for is our bodies."

The song girls' return to prominence might never have happened had it not been for a Dec. 24, 1979 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* article entitled "The Bruins Are In Ruins," in which the author wrote, "Now UCLA is just a team, Pauley Pavilion is just a building and the song girls are just cheerleaders." Well, when that came out several of the girls actually said, "We'll show him," referring to the smart aleck who had written the article, and that week they went out and bought the low-cut yellow tops and blue satin shorts that brought them fame and a fortune in men's eyes.

The debut of the new halftime outfit wasn't entirely smooth. No one had bothered to actually try dancing in the tops, which were made of a slick, shiny material, so when the group first wore them at a women's basketball game, there were some problems with slippage. "We did a move in which our hands brushed across our fronts," recalls McCarns. "When I looked down, my top had come down so that part of my bra was showing. Julie's had come down even farther, and she didn't know it. The crowd in front of her was going crazy. When I looked over at her my eyes bugged out. The next time we wore them we pinned Julie's top up so high she didn't want to wear it."

Eventually Hayek overcame her reservations, and the song girls went on to have a good year, especially when they were away from home. "Usually we get a better reaction

when we go away," says Hazel Bracey, "because at Pauley they're so used to us. At Indianapolis last year we got a standing ovation at both halftimes. When we came out, people really clapped! At first it was a little intimidating, the magnitude of the reaction kind of made you go, 'Omigod!' You got the feeling maybe they had seen something like us on TV, but not right there. And they were amazed."

Amazed, aroused, you name it. Indianapolis had never seen anything quite so unusual, and no one wanted to miss even an instant of it. "It's like really embarrassing to go out there and dance and see people looking down at you with binoculars," says Hayek. "I mean, I'm sure! You do not need binoculars to watch a basketball game."

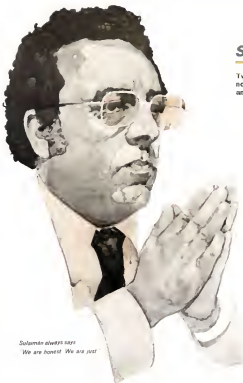
Even after her great success at the NCAA finals, Hayek wasn't certain of retaining a spot on this year's squad. There is a two-year limit on participation in the program, and with six of last year's song girls trying out again last spring, nerves were strained. "We all felt they were waiting for one of us to fall on her face," says Bracey. "The rumors were going around that Julie or I wouldn't make it because we're both tall and have brown hair, and that Melanie wouldn't make it because another Oriental girl was trying out. I found myself worried."

**E**ach spring a selection committee of about 20 students, faculty and staff members and alumni choose from more than 300 applicants after watching the girls do mandatory pom-pom and jazz routines, and then creations of their own. The judges grade each applicant and submit a list of their scores to an advisory board for a final screening. In past years the top seven girls then received letters from the selection committee informing them they had made the team. But last year something very strange happened. When the seven letters went out, they didn't go to the applicants with the seven highest scores. When Renée Gibson learned that her scores had been higher than at least one of the girls who had been selected, she protested to the assistant vice-chancellor, and eventually proved her case, resulting in a squad of eight song girls this year.

"There's corruption at every level," says Bessie, who tried out for the squad for two years before finally making it. "My dancing hasn't gotten any better in the last few years. It all depends on how many blondes they're looking for that year, and whether they've got their minorities filled. The second time I tried out, I'd just been Miss Santa Monica, so I knew how to do things like makeup. I came in looking very discreet, with my hair pulled back, and I didn't make it. Last year I wore a leotard hiked up high at the thighs, piled on the makeup, wore a pushup bra and a garter in my hair. They ate it up."

And who wouldn't? Yet for all their smoldering coed sexuality, the UCLA song girls exude an almost radiant wholesomeness, a lit-from-within kind of warmth and humor that no Dallas Cowboy or Los Angeles Laker cheerleader can compete with. "We really enjoy being out there for UCLA," says Hayek, who turned down a chance at a screen test with Paramount to be a song girl this year. "I told them that that and my education came first. Besides, who would want to leave UCLA. This place is like heaven."

And they are heaven's choir of glittering angels, just don't ask them to sing.



*Sulaimán always says  
"We are honest. We are just..."*

## SPECIAL REPORT

Two nickel-and-dime outfits, the WBC and the WBA, now run the fights—to their own aggrandizement and to the detriment of the sport. First of two parts

by PAT PUTNAM

# TIME TO CLEAN UP BOXING AGAIN

**S**ome of boxing's dirtiest linen is due for public washing next month when Teddy Brenner, the former Madison Square Garden matchmaker who is now a fight promoter, takes the World Boxing Council to court in New York. Victory for Brenner could conceivably put the WBC out of business in the U.S. and thus reduce it to penny-ante status (see box, page 47). Whatever the outcome of the Brenner trial, it will serve a useful purpose by focusing public scrutiny on the WBC—and high time. A **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** inquiry has found that under José Sulaimán Chagnón, its president, the WBC has: 1) produced some of the most dubious boxer ratings and bizarre mismatches in the history of the

sport; 2) assigned officials in such a way as to invite suspicion of impropriety; 3) arbitrarily punished a number of fighters, while favoring others; and 4) created meaningless weight divisions—e.g., super fly—resulting in lucrative sanctioning fees and global junkets for WBC officials. And the WBC's rival sanctioning group, the World Boxing Association, has displayed similar tendencies. In these pages **SI** examines the WBC in detail. Next week: the WBA.

The irony is that both the WBC and the WBA were small-time operations, cadging nickels and dimes, until the urgent need of U.S. network television for "respectable" fighter rankings cata-





Concider *Rapalogo* didn't know how to hold up his hands

pulled the organizations into positions of power. Until 1977, boxing's rating bible was *The Ring* magazine. In that year it was discovered that *The Ring* was supplying phony records and rankings for the Don King-promoted, ABC-aired United States Boxing Championships. Goodbye, *Ring*; hello, alphabet soup. The *Ring* has subsequently undergone a thorough housecleaning. Now the WBC and WBA need an application of mop, pail and boom.

Upon their sudden elevation the WBC and WBA found themselves in a position to demand sanctioning fees from fight promoters, plus lavish expenses for title-fight "observers." Moreover, they became arrogant parhandlers, exacting tribute.

Says promoter Bob Arum of Top Rank, Inc. "They demanded that we wine them and dine them or we couldn't get a fight. If I don't pay I can't get a cockamammy letter of sanction, which TV demands, and I can't earn a living."

"For years we told them to drop dead. They begged for tickets to a fight. Nobody paid any attention to these amateurs until the networks forced us to pay attention. Hell, I don't mind giving them the money, but I give them the money and it doesn't buy a thing. I

(They're) the best. You're

still have to pay all their expenses and put up with their hussling. They come and bring their wives. And they don't go anywhere or do anything unless it's first-class."

The abuses multiplied under the stewardship of Sulaiman, a Mexican national of Lebanese descent who was educated in the U.S., the very ratings that gave the WBC its sole claim to recognition have become a mockery. The ruling powers of the WBA have not earned higher marks.

Sulaiman, 49, is a short, stout manufacturer of paper for specialized medical uses—e.g., electrocardiograms. His pleasant round face reflects raptures of emotion, shifting from great elation to abject embarrassment to deep depression. Everywhere, he sees enemies—people who dislike him, he says, because they are Communists or because he is Mexican. Or because they are

against whatever he happens to be for at the moment. Or because their minds have been poisoned against him.

"With José, there are no in-betweens," says Bob Busse, president of the North American Boxing Federation, a member of the WBC. "He's on an ego trip. If you agree with him, you're his friend. If you disagree, you're his enemy."

Nevertheless, Sulaiman is generally thought to be a decent man. Indeed, he has done some good things for the sport; he has taken a special interest in ring safety; and he has instituted medical plans for boxers, required mandatory life insurance for them and, on occasion, has paid the medical bills of injured fighters. But his failings outweigh his positive actions. The trouble is, Sulaiman's instinct for decency is often easily overridden by a dread of being disliked. He wants to be loved, he wants to be regarded as a benevolent monarch. To those who bend the knee he dispenses favors.

The quirks of Sulaiman's complex character are most likely responsible for many of the mysteries of the



Despite a 30-0 record, *Baker* got a little shot—and a savage beating from Britain's *Muscarello* Hope

## HOW THE WBC AND WBA ROSE TO POWER

In the summer of its 42nd year the National Boxing Association, a loosely knit collection of pompous amateurs, elected to balloon itself into the World Boxing Association. The year was 1962. Despite the change in logo from NBA to WBA, it remained the same old clique of feuding U.S. boxing commissioners—good ol' boys whose loyalties, after those accorded themselves, were to the red, white and blue, and the rest of the world could just tag along or move to Saturn.

No one had ever taken the NBA too seriously. The NBA people actually thought pro wrestling was a sport. And so no one expected the rest of the planet to react any differently to the group's broadening of its territorial claims. There were, of course, a set of rules with a robust ring, but they were followed only at moments of convenience. Member state and local commissions bailed at whim and were welcomed back at will.

Abe Greene, formerly the NBA president, now the WBA "international commissioner" saw the WBA "as the only game in town. A pretty bad game, but still the only one."

The infant WBA voted monthly ratings, but they were mostly ignored for those put out by Nat Fleischer, who had been rating fighters and recognizing champions in *The Ring* magazine since the early '30s (he died in 1972). In 1941 Fleischer published the first edition of *The Ring Record Book*. Fleischer's ratings and records were considered authoritative.

Rumbblings of discontent with the U.S.-dominated WBA, mostly from Latin America, were heard early on. In 1963, bankrolled mainly by a California promoter, the late George Parnassios, the World Boxing Council was created. Parnassios, who loaded his shows with Mexican and Mexican-American fighters of the lighter weight divisions, was tired of seeing his star attractions ignored by the pro-U.S. rating systems. The WBC promised Parnassios all the ratings he could use.

Spearheaded mainly by Mexican nationals, the WBC, unlike the WBA, was worldly in more than name. It was divided into seven federations, representing North America, Europe, Africa, Great Britain, South America, Central America/Caribbean and the Orient.

On paper the WBA is ruled democratically by majority vote of its entire membership. In the WBC, each of the seven federations has two votes. Because it shares the North America votes with Mexico and Canada, the U.S. controls only two-thirds of one vote. The power of the WBC is clearly in the hands of Third World countries. "We are very democratic," boasts José Sulaimán, who has run the WBC almost single-handedly since 1975 and will continue to preside for at least an-

other four years. "Sometimes we make the people in the United States unhappy, but our way is the only fair way."

Fair for whom? Two-thirds of one vote is hardly a just representation for the nation that generates 80% of boxing's revenues as well as the majority (no matter how the ratings read) of world-class fighters.

The U.S. establishment has had its fraction of input into the WBC, but because of its curious addiction to self-destruction, it has been shut out of any voice in the WBA since 1974. That was the year two gentlemen from Panama, Dr. Elias Cordova and Rodrigo Sanchez, discovered the simplicity of winning WBA presidential elections.

Since that time, the organization's reins have been held tightly by Latin hands: from 1974 through 1977 by Cordova, for the next two years by Mandy Galindez of Venezuela, and now, until his second term expires late this year, by Sanchez. They found one key to presidential power under Article III of the WBA's rules and regulations.

"The athletic commission, or any other duly authorized body legally organized to regulate boxing in any country, territorial or political subdivision, province or city, shall be eligible for membership and shall be entitled to one vote."

They discovered another key in a seemingly innocent regulation specifying that only delegates actually present at a convention are eligible to vote. The Latins began importing "delegates" from such countries as Panama (four registered commissions), Venezuela (six), Nicaragua (four) and El Salvador (four).

That many of the WBA's delegates since 1974 have been shipped in prepaid, or have been outright phony, never seems to have had an impact on the credentials committee. At the 1979 convention in Miami Beach, as an example, there were three delegates from the Virgin Islands, and all voted for Sanchez.

If the credentials committee had bothered to check, it would have discovered that there has never been an official boxing commission in the Virgin Islands. Boxing there comes under the control of the Department of Conservation and Cultural Affairs. Fighters aren't licensed; they're merely taxed.

Raul Ruiz promotes fights in the Virgin Islands. "There's no law, no rules," he says. "No one even asks for records. At fights there's no inspectors and no commissioners because there's no commission."

While the WBA's grasp of political science is excellent, it does fall short in geography. On the chart of accredited members, one of the three Virgin Islands commissions is listed as representing Sint Maarten, which is in the Netherlands Antilles.

WBC's ratings and its title-fight sanctioning, although to the objective observer these appear at times to be geopolitical payoffs in exchange for pledges of fidelity to good king Jolee.

Sulaimán contends, quite illogically, that any champion of any division of the WBC's seven federations deserves world ranking. While this may be salve for many a nationalistic soul, it also masks a lot of mischief. Busse is the WBC ratings chairman and as such should determine the monthly rankings. Yet he estimates that 90% of the ratings are made by Sulaimán himself. "How some of the people get into our ratings, I couldn't tell you," Busse says. "Promoters call me and ask about fighters they say we have ranked, and I don't even know they were ranked. What can I do about it?" Maybe I don't complain enough. But it sure makes me look bad."

As had as the WBC's ratings are, and we'll examine them more closely later, its blithe disregard of its own rules and rulings is even worse. Bearing in mind that the U.S. isn't one of the WBC's most-favored nations, take the case of Oklahoma City lightweight Sean O'Grady. O'Grady fought James Watt, the Scotsman who is the WBC lightweight champion, in Glasgow on Nov. 1. Stopped by a cut resulting from a hit by Watt in the 12th round, O'Grady petitioned the WBC for an immediate rematch. You've got it, replied the WBC, but the fight must take place before Feb. 28, 1981 and the contracts for it must be negotiated and signed within 15 days.

No problem was on the horizon until Mickey Duff, a British promoter who has Sulaimán's ear, informed O'Grady's people on the last day of the negotiating period that Watt had required surgery for eye cuts suffered in the O'Grady fight. This was news to Jim Reynolds of *The Glasgow Herald*, who, in a phone call to Dean Bailey of the Oklahoma City paper *The Daily Oklahoman*, said, "I was with Watt that day, and there was nothing wrong with his eyes then. He could fight today. He did go to see a plastic surgeon to seek advice, but he was told he didn't need surgery."

Five hours later Reynolds phoned Bailey again, this time with word that Watt had collapsed at a charity function and had been rushed to a hospital for an appendectomy. That shouldn't have altered the WBC's obligation to O'Grady any more than Watt's earlier alleged eye-cut



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surgery, but now O'Grady was told by the WBC that he must stand in line behind the No. 1-ranked lightweight contender, Alexis Arguello, a Nicaraguan living in Miami.

"What can I do?" said Sulaimán, a man who often seems able to do what he pleases. "Wait must have a mandatory defense against the No. 1 contender, who is Arguello, by June 7. We tried to get the fight for O'Grady, but if Watt cannot be ready in time, what can we do? We must follow our rules and mandates. In this we have always been strong. But O'Grady will get his chance. We have ordered that the winner must fight O'Grady next. It is only a matter of time."

Not necessarily so. For O'Grady it could be a matter of a good deal of money. If O'Grady beat Watt and then fought Arguello, and if that fight were to go to pause bidding—i.e., competitive bidding among promoters—as required for title bouts under the rules of both organizations, O'Grady, as champ, would receive 75% of the total purse. But now, he will get only 25%, the standard challenger's share, when he fights the winner of the Arguello-Watt bout. The film-film could cost him half a million dollars.

"It was rigged," says Pat O'Grady, Sean's father and manager. "They had no plans to give us a rematch. The Arguello-Watt match had already been made. They just led us along. It was a royal screwing."

One of Sulaimán's indefensible acts of late was to set in motion machuery that could have stripped Sugar Ray Leonard of his welterweight championship. Leonard's crime: a proposed bout with the WBA junior middleweight champion, Ayub Kalule of Uganda, now resident in Denmark. Sulaimán backed off when cooler WBC heads prevailed. As of now the bout is still on—for June 19 in the U.S.—but the background of the affair gives a revealing glimpse of the WBC in eccentric action.

Sulaimán wasn't upset because Leonard was to fight for a WBA title, but because the opponent was Kalule. Sulaimán said Leonard thus was showing disrespect for the WBC.

And furthermore, said Sulaimán, it wasn't he who wanted to strip Leonard—oh, no: "It is the Africans and some European countries. The Ray Leonard thing is nothing but my embarrassment, that

## PARAGUAY, OLÉ

In January of 1975 the WBC ordered Rafael Lovera of Paraguay to fight Luis Estaba of Venezuela for the vacated light flyweight title. At the time the president of the WBC was Ramon Valdesquez, a playground director in Mexico City who likes to be addressed as "doctor." (A year before, a stunned American fight official claimed to have seen Valdesquez collect \$20,000 in cash from a Bangkok promoter and pass it off as a combination of sanction fees and fines.)

Although no one in South America had heard of Lovera, his record was cited by the WBC as 20-1-1. The champion at the time was Franco Udella, a mediocre fighter from Italy. Valdesquez first ordered Udella to fight Lovera, but when the Italian pleaded illness, he was stripped of the title.

Valdesquez then ordered the Lovera-Estaba fight for the vacated crown. Lovera was knocked out in the third round. That was no surprise. It was, in fact, Lovera's first professional fight.

he is hanging within our organization a factor of bad feelings of the people we support in that he is fighting a man called a traitor to his continent."

Unlike the WBC, the WBA recognizes and ranks South African fighters. Apartheid has split the two boxing groups even as it has divided South Africa. Because

Kalule, an African, fought for and won a WBA title, he has become persona non grata to fellow Africans, at least those who voice their opinions in the councils of the WBC.

Kalule won the title from Masashi Kudo, a Japanese. He has since defended it against Marijan Benes of Yugoslavia. Both Kudo and Benes continued to be ranked by the WBC despite the taint of fighting Kalule. And Benes is the European champion, which makes it hard to believe any European country could be upset over the prospect of Leonard doing what their own champ did just last June.

Said Sulaimán: "Oh, yes, the Spanish, the Italians and the French have all mentioned this to me. We will take a vote."

(Ray Clarke, general secretary of the British Boxing Board of Control, has served as chairman of the WBC's disciplinary committee for the last five years. In that time, Clarke says, "I have never had a case to deal with. Why that should be, I do not know. Neither have I had instructions by the WBC to deal with any disciplinary matters.")

Sulaimán continued: "I have had some requests from the Africans to avoid wrong things and to, uh, recognize Tommy Hearns as the welterweight champion. And he's an American."

Reminded that Hearns is the WBA welterweight champion, Sulaimán said: "This has nothing to do with..." continued



O'Grady cried foul when the WBC reneged on a title rematch with Watt



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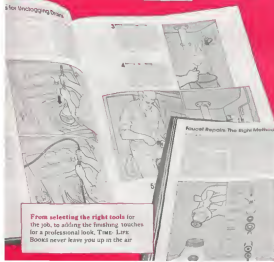
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the WBA. This is just *Kalule* and I am in the center of a turmoil because I must defend myself and my principles. This is not a legality but only the humane respect of the heart that has worked from the beginning of the WBC. What I want is doing has no respect. I told him if he fought *Kalule* it would be an embarrassment, and he said he understood. Then this happened [Leonard's decision to go ahead and fight *Kalule*] and I don't even receive the courtesy of a call to say that he is going this way. I am still waiting for a call. My God, I vow I never do anything wrong to anybody. I do things wrong but in good faith."

As to things wrong, return now to the the WBC's ratings.

Item, Top Rank's Arum candidly admits that until mid-1978 he was able to get Sulaimin to rate or upgrade rated fighters. Top Rank wanted for title bouts.

"After the middle of '78," Arum charged, "Sulaimin put all of his efforts into doing what Don King wanted him to do."

Item, Mensah Kpalogo of Togo was the bantamweight champion of Africa in 1979 with a reputed 44-4 record. By Sulaimin's often curious yardstick he deserved to be rated, and was. Next, Colonel Hassane Hamouda, a citizen of Tunisia living in Paris and the secretary to the African Boxing Union, persuaded Sulaimin to make Kpalogo the No. 1 challenger to the WBC champion, Mexico's Carlos Zarate. More than one promoter told Sulaimin he was out of his mind to do it.

"Oh, no," Sulaimin countered, "Colonel Hamouda told me that he's a very good fighter. And I know two of the fighters he beat. I admit one was a very mediocre Mexican."

In a championship bout on March 10,

1979 in Los Angeles, Kpalogo was knocked out in the third round by Zarate who earned \$100,000 for his part in the farce. "Kpalogo didn't even know how to hold up his hands," growled Don Fraser who promoted the fight. Even Sulaimin admitted to embarrassment. "How could those people lie to me," he said.

Zarate was managed by Cuyo Hernandez of Mexico City, one of Sulaimin's closest friends. During the 17 months Zarate held the championship—until he lost it in June 1979 to his countryman Lupe Pintor—the Kpalogo travesty was his only defense against a No. 1 contender. Why Pintor, also managed by Hernandez, was rated No. 1 is another WBC mystery. Until he fought for the title, Pintor had never beaten anyone in the WBC's Top 20.

Item, Mike Baker is a junior middleweight out of Washington. *continued*



## BRENNER'S SUIT AGAINST THE WBC

Discontent with the WBC and the WBA is worldwide and smoldering, but only one man has dared to fight back. Promoter Teddy Brenner has brought an antitrust suit against the WBC and its president, José Sulaimin. The

case is scheduled to go to trial April 7 in the U.S. district court for the Southern District of New York. A decision for Brenner could cost the WBC \$3 million in damages. More important, the suit seeks the dismantling of the 18-year-old organization that has come to control the lion's share of world boxing. If it loses the case, the WBC will cease to operate, at least in the U.S. And without U.S. dollars, which make up approximately 80% of its income, the WBC would revert to its small-time pre-1977 status.

Brenner's action, which is being handled by the New York law firm of Coudert Brothers, is similar to the antitrust suit brought by the U.S. in the mid-'50s to smash the International Boxing Club. A gangster-controlled fight empire fronted by millionaire Jim Norris, the IBC was reduced to ashes when it was found in violation of the Sherman Act for engaging in a conspiracy to control world championship fights.

Originally Brenner's suit charged that Sulaimin: 1) ignored an exclusive contract Brenner had with Alexis Arguello, then the WBC junior lightweight champion; 2) illegally ordered Arguello to fight for no one but promoter Don King; and 3) without cause or forcing prohibited Brenner from promoting WBC championship fights.

Issue No. 3 was resolved last May. After Brenner had asked for a temporary injunction against the WBC in the same district court, Sulaimin said he no longer had any ob-

jection to Brenner if Brenner paid his WBC fees, proved he was a licensed promoter and followed all WBC rules and regulations.

That was but a small fire fight. The big battle is the antitrust suit coming up.

"We won every point today," Brenner said after the 1980 hearing. "But this case has nothing to do with the other. Just because Sulaimin says I can now promote WBC title fights doesn't alter the fact that I lost a chance to promote five Arguello fights, four of them for a title, while I was suspended."

In his suit, Brenner has also charged "Defendants and their co-participants have coerced contenders for the title, in a condition of being afforded an opportunity to compete for the title, to enter into contracts with favored promoters, providing that, should he win the title he would render his services as a professional boxer in title contests exclusively to the favored promoter."

And "defendants have manipulated the ratings by adding or by advancing the names of boxers antedated by multiple-bout service contracts with favored promoters, in order to enable favored promoters to obtain an anti-competitive commercial advantage..."

Sulaimin has denied all of Brenner's charges. He has also hinted that the suit really doesn't matter. "The WBC is above the law—that is, any law but its own," Sulaimin has said. If it's Sulaimin's defense that the WBC is above the law, he is riding a leaky boat. And April is a month known for heavy rains.

D.C. managed by Edward Bennett Williams, the attorney who represents both Salsaman and King. In 1979 Baker was rated No. 7 by the WBC and given a title bout with the British champ, Maurice Hope. Baker took a savage beating and the fight was stopped in the seventh round. Baker had never defeated a world-rated opponent; his last two victories before the title fight came against club fighters, yet somehow they moved him up three places to the No. 7 spot.

Item: On May 31, 1976 Amancio Vargas, once of the Philippines but by then fighting out of Hawaii, was knocked out by Juan Jose Guzman of the Dominican Republic. That was in San Juan, Puerto Rico. For Vargas, the only thing unusual about the bout was the locale. He was more accustomed to being knocked out in Honolulu. The San Juan fight was the third straight technical knockout of the glass-jawed Vargas, and his fifth defeat in his last 11 fights.

Then Vargas got lucky. In October he defeated Cesar Gomez Koe of San Francisco, Calif., a club fighter of little note. For this his first victory in four fights, Vargas was suddenly ranked as the WBA's No. 10 junior flyweight. The same month, the WBC introduced him in the No. 9 slot.

Vargas was so overcome by his sudden celebrity that he took 1977 off—and remained ranked by both groups. In fact, by December of his sabbatical year the WBC moved him up to No. 5, the WBA to No. 6. At that point, Vargas hadn't had a bout in 16 months. Emerging from retirement in January of 1978, Vargas fought Yoko Gushiken of Japan for the WBA championship. In this fight he hung around until the 14th round. He took two standing eight counts in the 11th and another in the 13th, and finally the referee said "enough" when Gushiken dumped him in the 14th.

In March of the same year, Vargas fought Koe again, this time to a draw, and didn't fight again until losing an eight-round decision to Julio Rodriguez of Mexico in July of 1979. The WBA had finally dropped him from the ratings in September of 1978. The WBC was a bit more stubborn; it still had Vargas

ranked—as No. 12—as late as November 1979. That marked his 38th straight month in the WBC ratings, and was 38 months after his last victory.

Said Salsaman, after Vargas' amazing tenure among the elite was pointed out: "See, when we found out he was a bum, we got rid of him."

Consider now the Salsaman-appointed ring officials, a number of whom seem more concerned with protecting the house champions (i.e., those who seem inordinately favored) than with rendering just decisions. The WBA officials are no better. Says a U.S. judge who no longer works WBA bouts: "I was officiating a fight in Puerto Rico and Dr. Elias Cordova [the most powerful personage in the WBA] came over to me just before Round 1, touched my arm and said, 'Remember who you are working for. We want to keep the championship here.' The fight was between a Latin American and a U.S. fighter. Later, at another fight that year, Dr. Cordova told me that the reason I wasn't used much was because I wasn't a house referee. I had just voted against one of their fighters. The WBA has never called me to work again."



Canto retired because, he asserts, the WBC was "against me."

Lope Sarrail, a Philippine promoter, poses the question: "What is it they call a neutral official?" And answers it: "An official who is either my friend or someone I can buy."

It is also disturbing that the WBC and WBA seem to call on certain officials whenever a house champion is fighting. For example, in seven of 11 title defenses by Mexico's Pipino Cuevas, the former WBA welterweight champion, one of the judges was Marco Antonio Rodriguez, a Mexican. Rodriguez is one of a small cadre of officials, at least one of whom invariably shows up when a house champion is in action.

And so it goes: "The WBC regulations are like the secrets posed by the Sphinx to the inhabitants of Thebes," says Jesus Rivero of Mexico, manager of former WBC flyweight champion Miguel Canto. "Those who could not solve them were destroyed."

Canto and Rivero assert that Salsaman forced Canto to fight in Chile against their wishes; forced them to sign a return contract with a contender; forced them to take \$20,000 less for a title fight than the sum originally contracted for, and demanded that Canto sign a paper promising to decide whether he would retire within seven days, should he defeat Chan-Hee Park of South Korea in their September 1979 championship match.

Canto did retire, on Oct. 4, 1979, after failing to regain the title, and said, "I retire because I have the commission against me and they set the judges. Why bother to continue fighting to lose on account of the WBC who designates the judges? Since before we won the championship, Salsaman acted badly with us. He never accepted totally that we disputed for the world title and less that we won it. Now, at all costs, he wished we would lose it."

Said Salsaman: "Rivero hates me because he is a Communist; he drinks; he runs with loose women, nobody in Mexico likes him, and everybody knows what a liar he is."

Rivero, who at present "administers properly" in Yucatan, has studied law and the history of philosophy at the National

(continued)

# Mazda 1981

The new Mazda RX-7. Just one look and you'll see its incredible value versus Porsche 924 or Datsun 280ZX.

Think for a moment of all you expect in a fine sports car. Then compare your expectations with all you actually get in the Mazda RX-7.

The sleek style you expect is all there. Including many new exterior refinements. The look is clean and functional. In fact, the RX-7's aerodynamics have never been better.



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The performance you expect is also there. 0 to 60 happens in a quick 8.6 seconds. Handling is superb, too. The compact rotary engine is placed *behind* the front axle, for ideal weight distribution.

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**21** EST. mpg **30** EST. hwy mpg

Of course, you also expect a lot of features. And our long list won't disappoint you in the least.

The RX-7 does, however, come with one thing most people don't expect: a price that makes it an absolutely astonishing value.

**The RX-7 GS comes with all this. And more.** • 2-speaker AM/FM stereo radio • Power antenna • 5-speed overdrive transmission • Steel-belted radials • Dual remote-control sideview mirrors • Halogen headlights • Front and rear stabilizer bars • Analogue quartz clock • Tachometer • Remote-control fuel filler door release • Electric remote hatch release • Power-assisted front disc, self-adjusting rear drum brakes • Dual covered stowaway lockers • Luggage hold-down strap • Map, cargo and glove compartment lights

\*\*EPA estimates for comparison purposes for standard RX-7s. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California 29/est. mpg, 30/est. hwy. mpg, 25% better than '80. Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.





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## The all-new front-wheel-drive Mazda GLC. Just one look and you'll see its remarkable value versus Rabbit, Jetta or Civic.

In a world of good economy cars, Mazda announces a great one. The all-new Mazda GLC was con-



ADVANCED  
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ceived, engineered and built to be nothing less than the new state of the art in front-wheel-drive technology. And signals important new advances in what you can expect—and should look for—in a car of this class.

Starting with the basic concepts and inherent advantages of the transverse-engine, front-wheel-drive configuration, Mazda engineers have redesigned, re-engineered and refined many major component areas. Like a more powerful yet more economical 1.5 litre engine. Advanced 4-

wheel independent suspension. And a redesigned rack-and-pinion steering system. The result is a sophisticated, high-quality front-wheel-drive car that may surprise you. Especially if you've driven others.

The all-new GLC is fun to drive. The steering is light and precise. The shifting is quick and positive.



GLC Custom 5-door  
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**GLC Sport**  
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The turning diameter is one of the shortest around. And the interior is one of the roomiest in its class. In fact, this GLC is actually bigger, faster, lighter, more aerodynamic and quieter than its predecessor.

**35** EST. mpg **43** EST. hwy mpg

Yet, importantly it also offers substantially increased gas mileage.

**New GLC Sedan (below)** has an elegance of its own. If you want a GLC, but you want it with a trunk, this one's for you. The new GLC Sedan offers economy and refinement. But don't let these push looks fool you. GLC Sedans are just as sprightly and sporty in the performance department as their hatchback brothers.

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cylinder engine • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • 4-wheel independent suspension • Steel-belted radials • Split fold-down rear seat backs • Electric rear window defroster • Cut-pile carpeting • Remote-control driver's door mirror

**GLC Sport has even more:**  
• 5-speed overdrive transmission • Extra-wide tires and wheels • Special Sport wheel covers • Tachometer • Tilt steering wheel • Halogen headlights • Wide black body-side mouldings

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options (GLC-7 alloy wheels \$320-\$325, 626 Coupe wide tires and covers \$190) and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice. Availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features may vary.

\*\*EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GLC Custom 3-Door with 4-speed transmission. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. GLC Custom 5-Door Custom Sedan and Sport with 5-speed, 70% mileage, 45% hwy. mpg.



**New GLC Custom Sedan**  
\$5895\*



**626 Sport Coupe**  
\$7095

## The Mazda 626. Just one look and you'll see its exceptional value versus Celica, Accord or BMW.

The Mazda 626 seems to do everything well. Its road manners are impeccable. Its ride is that of a full-size car. Its looks are classic—like some of Europe's most refined road cars. Especially now with the subtle new exterior changes. Inside, there's a redesigned instrument cluster plus many new seat and trim refinements. And its mileage is 17% improved.

**28** EST. mpg **39** EST. <sup>\*\*</sup> hwy mpg

If all you want is everything, including value, take a look at the

626 Sport Coupe and Sport Sedan. Also now in Luxury versions.

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University in Mexico City. In a lengthy statement attacking Sulaimán, he quoted from Seneca, Goethe, Dostoevsky, Shakespeare's *Othello* and *King Lear*, and Octavio Paz' *The Labyrinth of Solitude*. Last year the Mexican Boxing Commission named Rivero Manager of the Decade.

Another of the WBC's and WBA's suspect practices is the proliferation of weight divisions. The traditional eight weight classifications have ballooned to 29—15 in the WBC and 14 in the WBA. Just last November the WBA added the junior bantamweight division (113 to 115 pounds) to match the WBC's super flys. In the '70s there were 531 world-championship fights; in 1980 alone there were 94 (Middleweight Marvin Hagler is the only fighter who holds both the WBC and WBA versions of his title.)

Clearly there aren't enough quality fighters around to justify so many divisions, but Sulaimán has his reasons—humanitarian reasons, he says. Citing the super bantamweights (119 to 122 pounds), Sulaimán says, "We have made it easy for the fighters. Where were the 122-pounders? You never saw them. They were either in a steam bath getting down to 118 [bantam] or overeating to get up to 126 [featherweight]. We don't just want fighters; we want human beings."

The additional divisions also mean additional sanction fees, additional fighters' purses to be cut, additional junkets and

additional ratings to be parceled out. In every title fight the WBC takes 1½% of the champion's purse and 1% of the challenger's. In his last four championship fights, Sugar Ray Leonard, for example, paid the WBC no less than \$300,000 in sanction fees.

The charm of the sweet vice hasn't been lost on Colonel Hamouda, he of the Kpalogo affair. One of the WBC's most powerful operatives, if not the most sensitive to conflicts of interest, he is a member of its executive council and chairman of its finance committee. At the WBC convention in Madrid in 1977, Hamouda offered Arum this proposition: that Muhammad Ali make a defense of his heavyweight championship in Tunisia the following year. Hamouda's share of the show would be 10% of Arum's gross revenues. Arum noted that there was a problem: the convention had approved the first Ali-Leon Spinks fight, with the proviso that the winner then fight No. 1-ranked challenger Ken Norton. Hamouda told Arum that his people didn't want Norton because the fight would be too expensive. They desired a less prestigious opponent, one who would accept a smaller purse. For such a fight Hamouda's Tunisian associates would put up \$1 million and expect American TV to provide the balance of the fight's costs.

The American promoter said he "pointed out to Colonel Hamouda that the WBC had ordered that Norton be the next opponent. He told me not to worry about it, that he could handle the situation. He said that all I had to do was find the right opponent and he would see that the fight was sanctioned."

Arum says Hamouda also requested a document appointing him as Top Rank's representative in Africa and the Middle East. That contract, dated Dec. 1, 1977, provided that Hamouda would be entitled to 10% of the total revenue paid Top Rank for all title fights promoted in his areas. "For example," the contract read, "if we [Top Rank] receive a fee of \$2 million from the sponsor of a match in Africa or the Middle East, you [Hamouda] shall be entitled to a commission of \$200,000."



Arum says it's either play the game or get no TV sanction

That agreement covered two years, expiring Nov. 30, 1979.

Arum says he met Hamouda again in Milan in January 1978. Says Arum: "Colonel Hamouda again assured me there would be no difficulty putting this fight on despite the prior WBC directive requiring the winner [of the Ali-Spinks bout] to fight Norton."

But on Feb. 15, 1978 in Las Vegas, Spinks scored an upset victory over Ali, and plans for the Tunisia fight died. It is ironic that after his triumph Spinks was stripped of his title by the WBC and it was given to Norton.

In a reflective mood, Sulaimán says: "We are not perfect, but even God makes mistakes. I make a strong invitation to any person in the world who has any knowledge, little or big, to prove us wrong. We are honest, we have integrity; we have a good organization, we are just. Prove us wrong and you will easily have our prestige in your hands to throw us through the sink."

Teddy Brenner is going to give that a shot, in court, next month.

END



Hamouda says Arum asked him to violate a WBC ruling and promote an outline Ali fight

## NEXT WEEK

The WBA and its doubtful practices are scrutinized, notably the ordeal of junior middleweight Ayub Kalule, who was deprived of a title fight for two years.



Rautins' tip-in gave his team the championship

## The Orange get squeezed

*Syracuse won the Big East crown, but three losers were the real winners*

It wasn't decided until the final three seconds of the third overtime period, when the best player ever to come out of Canada tapped in a rebound. If you're scoring, that would be Leo Rautins, not Bobby Orr. The tip-in gave Syracuse, a team that had literally lost its Heudd but still played over it, an 83-80 victory over Villanova in the title game of the Big East tournament last weekend.

Following the basket, the losing coach drew a technical foul for calling a timeout; his team didn't have a mistake he'd never made in his 25-year career. Then, as the Villanova players awaited the trophy presentation, they were pelted with tennis balls, a Frisbee and other objects by a group of fans who for some reason didn't appreciate a triple-OT finale to a tournament that had more plot changes than an episode of *Knots Landing*. Had the fans known then what was revealed the next day—that Syracuse would not be invited to the NCAA tournament, while two teams it defeated in the tournament, Georgetown and Villanova, would be—they might well have thrown howling hails. In other words, it was an appropriate conclusion to a clamorous year in the Big East, that hey-look-me-over, eight-team conference that lies north of the ACC, east of the Big Ten and south of the national polls.

Syracuse's \$27 million, 25,000-seat (for basketball) Carrier Dome was the site. "That's not exactly Wabash," said Providence College Coach Gary Williams, but for all the national attention the Big East received this season, it could've been Georgetown and St. John's were preseason Top 20 picks in the SI poll but faded after early losses. Connecticut won its first 11 games, but then lost a couple in the conference and joined Boston College, Syracuse, Georgetown, Villanova and St. John's in that circle of Big East teams just out of the Big Picture.

Indeed, on the dance floor of the NCAA, this year's Big East tournament was a backstreet shuffle. But, oh, what a shuffle. And what better back street than Syracuse and its cavernous, draftsy insane asylum where the Dome Ringer, the Beast of the East and beer sales to

the crazies made the hometown Orangemen the team to beat, despite a 15-11 record coming in.

Villanova Coach Rollie Massimino was so happy about playing in the Dome that he said, "If that [the postgame abuse] takes place, we shouldn't have the tournament in Syracuse. Absolutely no way." Georgetown Coach John Thompson was so overjoyed about the Dome than, after a 67-53 loss to Syracuse in the semis, he related the tale of Hoody Bear, a character he grew up with in a Washington, D.C. housing project. "Hoody Bear used to play real well and fight real well in his own neighborhood," said Big John.

That short parable followed an incident between Thompson and Orange Coach Jim Boeheim during the semifinal game. The officials had to restrain them from going at each other after Boeheim at 6'4", 175 pounds, had challenged the right of Thompson (6'11", 300 pounds) to stroll near midcourt to counsel his players during the action. Later, the two men clasped hands and patted shoulders—the coaching counterpart of kissing and making up, said Thompson. Besides, it just wouldn't have been a Big East game without a little of that sort of thing.

Take the two finalists. In a game in Philadelphia on Feb. 17, Massimino, who has broken new ground in bench theatrics, outdid himself and drew an official reprimand from Big East Commissioner Dave Gavitt. After the game, which Villanova won 88-78, Dolph Schayes, the former NBA all-star and father of Syracuse Center Dan Schayes, took center stage when he charged one of the referees, who had called five fouls on his son. During the tournament final, an enthusiastic but much calmer Dolph watched from high in the Carrier Dome as 6'11" Dan put together a solid 15-point, 11-rebound effort.

Nobody but nobody, had it easy this year in the Big East, where 17 of the 56 conference games were decided by three points or fewer. Boston College, the regular-season champion, with a 21-5 record—10-4 in the league—was the one shoo-in for an NCAA bid, if it won the

continued



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# Newport Lights



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tournament. (As Syracuse found out, there was no automatic bid for the tournament winner. For the champion of a conference tournament to be considered for such a bid, that conference must have existed for at least two full years. This is the Big East's second season.) In traditional sho-in fashion, BC went out and lost the opening game to last-place Providence, 67-65. The Eagles got an NCAA bid anyway, a somewhat remarkable end to their season, considering the shadow of the point-shaving scandal that has followed them everywhere.

Georgetown had been one of three Big East teams to get an NCAA bid in the conference's rookie season—Syracuse and St. John's were the others—and seemed to have the best chance for national recognition at the beginning of this year. But as the Hoyas, who are 20-11, endured Act I of *Waiting for Ewing*, they sometimes played as if they were waiting for Godot. With practically the entire team back and the addition of Patrick Ewing, a 7-foot center from Cambridge (Mass.) Rindge and Latin High who's considered the nation's top high school player, the Hoyas could be one of the top clubs in the nation next season.

Then there was St. John's, the Team That Couldn't Shoot Straight. During the season, the Redmen did such things as go more than 12 minutes without scoring in a nationally televised loss to Oregon State. Still, they were a welcome tournament addition, if only for the performance of Coach Lou Carnesecca, the master of the pained expression. Carnesecca was so intense in his first-round game against Syracuse that he twice ran down the sidelines to retrieve loose balls and once even led a fist break. Despite Carnesecca's efforts, St. John's lost 71-66, ending a 17-10 season that, according to senior Forward Frank Gilroy, was "100% heart and 50% execution."

Seton Hall was another overperforming loser, which was unfortunate, because the team featured Sir John Collins—that's the name on his birth certificate—and a trio of small guards who make the Pirates look like a toading company of *Grease*. Their names: Dan Caidanillo, Matt Piccinich and Steve Grieco.

Seton Hall gave Georgetown a good game in a 58-52 defeat, ending an 11-16 season, and Coach Bill Raftery gave the fans a good show. Raftery was in first company with veteran sideline gymnasts like Massimino and Carnesecca and the

hulking Thompson. But his primal scream of protest, heard above the crowd during the Georgetown game, was considered the Top Individual Performance by a Coach in a Supporting Role.

Providence Coach Gary Walters operated on a less kinetic level, but his season was no less chaotic than that of the other teams in the conference. Walters had continual problems with his top player, senior Forward Rudy Williams, and finally benched him. Another senior, Jerry Scott, took Williams' part and once stalked off to the locker room in the middle of the game. For perhaps the first time ever, the Friars were booed at home, and 15 pounds of worry disappeared from Walters' already gaunt frame.

More than any other team, Providence demonstrates what the Big East is about. The ACC has Georgia Tech, the Big Ten Northwesterns, but in its two years the Big East has had no certified doormat. Though it finished at 10-18, Providence beat Georgetown on the road and Villanova and St. John's at home. In the tournament, it stunned BC, surprising no one more than the BC band, which didn't plan to arrive until the semifinals. "Now they can stay home and play for their parents," said Providence Center Rich Hunger. The Friars could've beaten Villanova in the semis, too, except for the foul shooting of Wildcat Center John Pinone, who made 11-of-12 from the line to key a 58-49 overtime win.

Villanova performed unevenly during its first season in the Big East, and the trend continued in its opening tournament game against Connecticut. The Wildcats broke to an 18-2 lead, but then went scoreless for the last 12-43 of the half as UConn tied the score at 18-18. "I thought he [Massimino] was going to kill us at halftime," said Forward Alex Bradley, "but he was surprisingly calm." So were Pinone, Forward Aaron Howard and Guard Stewart Granger—he has a brother named Farley; his parents like actors—who guided the Wildcats to a 65-54 win.

Finally, there was Syracuse, which enjoyed somewhat of a second season with three tournament wins. That was fortunate, because the first season bordered on disaster, and things looked even worse when Senior Guard Marty Headd fractured his wrist in practice three days before the tournament. But the Orangemen got strong performances from Erich San- tifier (52 tournament points), Point Guard

Eddie Moss (18 assists), and Tony (Red) Braun, a 22-point scorer in the final who has a 42-inch vertical jump and the hang time of a Ray Guy punt.

But most of all it was the play of the 6' 8" Rautins, a sophomore transfer from Minnesota, that lifted Syracuse to victory. All he did during the tournament was shoot 23 of 38 from the floor, get 25 rebounds and hand out 10 assists, besides tapping in the game-winner in the final.

When Rautins was 11 he underwent corrective back surgery, and doctors doubted he'd ever do anything more strenuous than walk. But by 16 the Toronto native was a member of the Canadian Olympic team and now is generally considered his country's top player.

It wasn't an easy season for the highly touted Rautins, who endured more criticism from the fans than any other Syracuse player. He averaged only 7.5 points after Boeheim had predicted he'd become one of the best offensive players the school has had in recent years. So it was kind of unexpected to see him walk away with the MVP award. Then again, considering the kind of year it's been in the Big East, maybe it wasn't.

## THE WEEK

(Mts. 1, 2, 3)  
by HERM WEISKOPF

**WEST** Oregon State boosters could hardly wait to celebrate a triumph over Arizona State in the regular-season finale, a win that would have made the Beavers the 23th team since 1939 to finish its schedule without a loss. But the visiting Sun Devils had other ideas. They topped off a week of upsets—12 of last week's 54 Top 20 were beaten—with an 87-67 shocker. The Beavers' string of 26 victories was put in early jeopardy when Center Steve Johnson was whiffed for a pair of fouls in the first two minutes and then quickly picked up a third when he came back off the bench. With Johnson sitting out 17 minutes of the first half, Arizona State put together some dazzling numbers: 77.3% shooting, a 21-6 advantage in rebounds and a 40-20 lead at intermission. Byron Scott kept the Sun Devils rolling by scoring 17 of his 25 points in the first half.

Oregon State fans, however, had plenty to cheer about two days earlier. Despite a 33-point performance by Ron Davis, the Beavers defeated Arizona 80-62 to sew up the Pac-10 title. One of the Beaver boosters' biggest cheers came when Johnson, who rarely

*continued*

shoots from more than a couple of feet from the basket, banked in a 12-footer.

Arizona State began its West Coast trip with a 78-77 overtime victory at Oregon. After three Sun Devil starters had fouled out, reserve Forward Walt Stone pulled Arizona State through by scoring all but one of his team's overtime points on three jumpers, the last with five seconds to go.

Strong finishes earned UCLA to victories at Washington State (59-50) and at Washington (91-72). In each game the Bruins had a substantial lead trimmed to two points in the second half before they put on their closing surge. Mike Sanders was UCLA's big gun against the Huskies, sinking 12 of 14 shots and scoring 28 points.

Many Fresno State followers think their Bulldogs, with their relentless and aggressive defense, are the finest team in California. More than 1,500 of these diehards traveled 230 miles to the PCAA tournament in Anaheim to see Fresno knock off Utah State 71-57 and San Jose State 52-48. The Bulldogs, who led 19-14 at halftime of the finale, trailed by a point with 3:23 remaining. Then Rod Higgins and Bobby Anderson each came through with a three-point play to make Fresno State a winner.

One thing seemed certain when Utah played at Brigham Young: the Cougars would go with their standard 2-3 zone defense. However, BYU used a man-to-man in the first half, and at the intermission the Utes had shot 68%, had outrebounded the Cougars 19-14 and led 46-41. So one thing seemed certain when the second half began: BYU would surely return to its zone. So much for certainties. The Cougars stuck with their man-to-man, forced Utah out of its usual patterns, unleashed their own fastbreak, isolated Danny Ainge in the low post for numerous open shots and went on to win 95-76. Ainge finished with 15 points and teammate Fred Roberts had 21 to go with his 10 rebounds and 10 assists.

Wyoming tied Utah for first place in the WAC by knocking off Air Force 46-38. The Cowboys then handed Coach Jerry Tarkenton his worst home defeat in eight seasons at Nevada-Las Vegas by a score of 97-70. Wyoming, which outrebounded the Rebels 51-26, got 27 points from Bill Garnett and 21 from Charles Bradley.

Pepperdine and San Francisco ended up tied for first in the WCAC, a situation that was to be vented by a playoff game on March 10. A 92-86 defeat of Loyola Marymount earned the Waves their share of the lead. The Dons kept pace by beating St. Mary's 94-80.

As soon as Montana narrowed Idaho's advantage to 56-54 in the final of the Big Sky tournament, the Vandals applied their decisive K.O.—Ken Owens, that is. Owens, who finished the two-game tournament with 37 points, wrapped up the MVP award with a steal, a layup and six quick points to propel Idaho to a 70-64 victory.

## SI TOP 20

1. DePAUL (27-1)	2*
2. OREGON ST. (26-1)	1
3. ARIZONA ST. (24-3)	3
4. LOUISIANA ST. (28-3)	5
5. VIRGINIA (25-3)	4
6. N. CAROLINA (25-7)	10
7. NOTRE DAME (22-5)	7
8. KENTUCKY (22-5)	6
9. UCLA (20-6)	12
10. WAKE FOREST (22-6)	11
11. INDIANA (21-9)	14
12. UTAH (24-4)	8
13. IOWA (21-6)	9
14. BYU (22-6)	15
15. TENNESSEE (20-7)	13
16. LOUISVILLE (21-8)	18
17. ILLINOIS (20-7)	16
18. WYOMING (23-6)	19
19. MARYLAND (20-9)	--
20. FRESNO ST. (25-3)	--

\*Last week

### THE REST OF THE FIELD

In addition to the 20 teams above, the NCAA selection committee extended bids to the 28 teams below.

ALA.-BIRMINGHAM (21-8)
ARKANSAS (22-7)
BALL ST. (20-9)
BOSTON COLLEGE (21-6)
CREIGHTON (21-8)
GEORGETOWN (20-11)
HOUSTON (21-8)
HOWARD (17-11)
IDAHO (25-3)
JAMES MADISON (20-8)
KANSAS (22-7)
KANSAS ST. (21-8)
LAMAR (24-4)
LONG ISLAND U. (18-10)
MERCER (17-12)
MISSISSIPPI (16-13)
MISSOURI (22-9)
NORTHEASTERN (23-5)
PENN (20-6) or
PRINCETON (17-9)*
PITTSBURGH (18-11)
ST. JOSEPH'S (22-7)
SAN FRANCISCO (23-6) or
PEPPERDINE (16-11)*
SOUTHERN (17-10)
TENN.-CHATTANOOGA (21-8)
VILLANOVA (19-10)
VA. COMMONWEALTH (23-4)
WESTERN KY. (21-7)
WICHITA ST. (23-6)

\*Winner of playoff game receives bid

**MIDEAST** Basketball hasn't ever been highly regarded at Ole Miss. To wit: In 1968 the athletic department issued a statement announcing that Basketball Coach Eddie Crawford "has been promoted to the position of freshman football coach." Last week Bob Welch, the present Mississippi coach, finally brought some respect to the school's hoops program by guiding the Rebels to the Southeastern Conference tournament title. Ole Miss, one of three surprise winners during the first round, began by knocking off heavily favored Tennessee 81-71. Mississippi's Carlos Clark scored nine points and Sean Tucky eight during a 17-2 spurt in the second half that broke open a tie game. The same day, Vanderbilt upended Kentucky 60-55 as Commodore freshman Al McKinney sank seven free throws in a row in the last 2½ minutes. Georgia, which beat Alabama 88-80 in the opening round, stunned Louisiana State 68-60 in the semifinals behind Dominique Wilkins' 18 points. Mississippi won the other semi by defeating Vandy 71-51. In a matchup of finalists who had never won an SEC tournament, the Bulldogs led by 12 in the first half, by eight at the intermission and by seven with 9:24 remaining. But Ole Miss, with Elton Turner scoring in six points in two minutes, rallied for a 66-62 victory to advance to the NCAA's for the first time. Tucky had 10 assists for the Rebels, Wilkins 28 points for Georgia. LSU wasn't the only regular-season league champion to lose in tournament competition, altogether, nine of 20 conference tournaments were won by teams that did not end the regular schedule in first place.

By winning the Mid-American tournament, Ball State achieved its first 20-win season and defeated two of the teams with which it shared first place at the end of regular league play. The Cardinals beat Toledo 79-77 behind Al Gooden's 33 points and Northern Illinois 79-66. Against the Huskies, Ray McCallum, the tournament MVP, scored 16 of his 24 points in the second half.

DePaul Coach Ray Meyer's description of an 84-64 victory at Dayton was tinged with satirical references. "Usually when we come to Dayton, they play the pants off us," Meyer said. Speaking of Blue Demon Guard Clyde Bradshaw's five steals, Meyer said, "He undressed those guys." Mark Aguirre, who had 24 points against Dayton, matched that total during a 74-64 Sunday win over Notre Dame.

Wisconsin's Claude Gregory scored a total of 46 points and the winning basket in each game as the Badgers beat Northwestern 60-57 and Minnesota 60-58 in overtime.

**EAST** Maryland, a one-point loser to Duke in last year's ACC tournament final, again made it to the championship game—only to lose by one. This time North Carolina edged the Terps 61-60. In the opening round Maryland beat Duke 56-53.

continued

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**COLLEGE BASKETBALL** continued

by sinking three foul shots in the final four seconds. Next, the Terps handled Virginia, the regular-season titlist, with surprising ease, 85-62. Maryland, which played erratically all season, was superb against the Cavaliers, showing that it could play a solid half-court game and that it could run-and-gun. Albert King led the Terps with 24 points, and Buck Williams outrebounded Virginia's Ralph Sampson 14-8 and outscored him 11-10. That loss was the third in the last five outings for the Cavaliers, who two weeks earlier had their 28-game winning streak brought to an abrupt end.

North Carolina made it to the finals by defeating North Carolina State 69-54 and Wake Forest 58-57 on Guard Mike Pepper's 18-foot shot with eight seconds left. The Tar Heels then won the tournament for the eighth time in 15 years, with the aid of another pivotal play. With 2:55 to go and the score 54-41, Guard Jimmy Black stole a pass, dribbled the length of the court and put in a layup. North Carolina's 1-3-1 zone forced Maryland to keep the ball outside and helped limit Williams to four points and King to 10.

Those weren't freight trains that hit head on. They were Pitt and Duquesne players colliding instead of abiding as they battled in the Eastern Eight tournament title game. The Panthers committed 21 turnovers, but that was eight fewer than the Dukes', who lost 64-60. Pitt guards Dwayne Wallace and Lennie McMillan, who teamed up for 39 points, set the tone by forcing six Duquesne errors in the opening five minutes. In a 74-45 semifinal defeat of Rhode Island, which shared the regular-season title with Duquesne, the Panthers forced 32 turnovers.

St. Joseph's overcame American University's 25-12 lead to win the East Coast's Eastern Division tournament title 63-60. One of the season's most memorable shots, a 52-footer by Northeastern's Terry Moss as the clock ran out in regulation time, put his team into overtime against Holy Cross in the finals of the ECAC's Northern Division tournament. Northeastern went on to win 81-79 by converting both ends of three straight one-and-one foul-shooting situations.

**MIDWEST** Why was Darnell Valentine of Kansas at midcourt leading Jayhawk rooters in cheers, and why were teammates Tony Gay and Art Housley waltzing under the Kansas State basket? Simple. During an official time-out with 12 seconds left in the Big Eight tournament final, the Jayhawks were frolicking because they were well on their way to an 80-68 triumph. Kansas State Coach Jack Hartman had hoped to catch Kansas off guard by using a man-to-man defense instead of his usual 3-2 zone, but the tactic failed. The Wildcats got into early foul trouble, which the Jayhawks capitalized on by sink-

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ing 13 of 16 free throws in the first half. In the Kansas-Missouri semifinal, the Jayhawks converted 33 of 40 from the line, the Tigers 20 of 29. Kansas, which led by 17 midway through the second half, had only one field goal during the last 8:22, but won 75-70 by cashing in on 19 foul shots during that span. Tournament MVP Valentine scored 30 points against Missouri, 12 of them coming from the free-throw line.

Louisville concluded the season's most dramatic turnaround by winning the Metro Conference tournament. Last year's national champs, who got off to a 2-7 start this season, finished with a 15-game victory streak. Tournament MVP Rodney McCray and his brother Scooter hit on 13 of 16 shots and scored 29 points in the Cardinals' 81-68 semifinal defeat of Virginia Tech. In the finals, Louisville led Cincinnati 34-28 with 14:25 remaining, froze the ball for 10:25 to force the Bearcats out of their zone and won 42-31. Derek Smith and Lancaster Gordon teamed up to score 18 of the Cardinals' 20 second-half points.

With tournament MVP Mike Olliver scoring 35 points and B.B. Davis adding 21, Lamar beat Louisiana Tech 83-49 in the finals of the Southland Conference tournament.

Sophomore Rob Williams and freshmen Michael Young and Clyde Drexler led Houston to an 84-59 rout of Texas in the South-

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**ELSTON TURNER**, Mississippi's 6' 5" senior forward sank 26 of 48 field-goal tries, scored 61 points, grabbed 24 rebounds, had eight assists and played his usual exemplary defense as the Rebels won their first SEC tournament.

west Conference tournament finale. Williams, who had a total of 72 points in two regular-season games against the Longhorns, connected on 13 of 19 shots from the field and finished with 37 points. Young scored 18 points with 9-of-11 shooting, and Drexler had 15 rebounds and 12 points. In the semis, the Cougars swept past TCU 73-53, and Texas toppled regular-season conference champion Arkansas 76-73. LaSalle Thompson scored 23 points and Ray Harper 22 for the Longhorns. The Razorbacks, who trailed 50-39 at the half, led 70-66 with 3:44 left. But Harper tied the score at 70-70 with two straight baskets and put Texas in front for good by converting a pair of foul shots in the final 36 seconds.

"He hit those shots from downlow," said Wichita State Coach Gene Smithson of Creighton's Kevin McKenna, whose long-range bombing led the Bluejays to a 70-64 triumph in the MVC tournament showdown game. McKenna, who made 10 of 15 shots, ended up with 23 points as Creighton overcame an early 10-point deficit.

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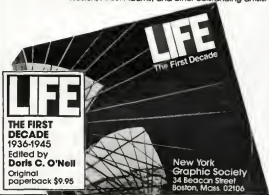
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**I**t was a smelly situation. Last Friday, seven hours before a date with the Indiana Pacers in Indianapolis, Robert Parish of the Boston Celtics was literally up to his elbows in cologne, hit on the trail of the right scent. But the Halston on his wrist wouldn't do: "Too strong. That stuff makes me sneeze when I wear it"—nor would the Vetiver Pour Monsieur that adorned his forearm. "No way," said Parish. "I bought some once, now I can't give the stuff away. I would like to get this done by game time."

Unfortunately, the scent Parish finally decided upon, Monsieur Rochas,

wasn't much help in averting a 110-104 loss to the Pacers, but other sweet performances in Parish's first season in Boston have dissipated an old, ugly aroma and provided him with a new, winning one. Traded in the off-season from a stinker of a situation with the Golden State Warriors, many of whose fans felt he was lazy and had a bad attitude, Parish has averaged 18.9 points and almost

*Warrior fans turned up their noses: but Robert Parish is now savored in Boston*

numerals. Parish has favored ever since his junior high team ran out of numbered jerseys, has become just another cog in the finely tuned Celtic machine. Larry Bird is having a phenomenal second season, averaging 21.6 points, 11 rebounds, and more than five assists per game. At age 32, Tiny Archibald is still skating and slithering through and around defenders. The Most Valuable Player in this year's All-Star Game, Archibald is scoring almost 14 points and dealing out seven assists per game. Having a double-threat scorer and passer both at the point and on the wing opens things up down low for Parish to crash the boards or take his pet turnaround jumper. For the year Parish has shot 55% from the field, but a more important statistic for Boston is his 2.60 blocked shots per game, fourth best in the league. At 7' 1/2" Parish is the tallest player ever to play for the Celtics and along with 6' 11" rookie Kevin McHale, he has given Boston the shot-blocking it has lacked since the days of Bill Russell.

According to Celtic Coach Bill Fitch, those blocks are a measure of how hard Parish has worked since coming to Boston. "Blocks come when the player hustles his butt back on the transition from offense to defense," says Fitch. "I call it uphill/downhill transition. When the ball goes to some players on offense, they can't move fast enough, but when switching from offense to defense it's like they're moving strictly uphill. Robert has been getting uphill pretty quick."

Actually, for Parish the entire season has been downhill after the rigors of his first Celtic training camp. "I'm in the best condition of my life, but it was a bitch getting there," Parish says. "When I came in I was in shape for a Golden State camp, not for the Celtics. It was the most physical, intense thing I'd ever been through, but I can't knock the results."

The trade—Parish and Golden State's first draft choice, which the Celtics used to select McHale, for Boston's picks in the first round (Nos. 1 and 13)—came at just the right time for Parish, 27, who felt he had gone stale with the Warriors. Although his numbers in four years with

*continued*

## Sweet smell of success



Parish's 18.9 point average has added zip to the Celtics

9.5 rebounds a game in Celtic green. So effectively has he filled the void left at center by the unexpected preseason retirement of Dave Cowens that at the end of last week the Celtics were 55-16 and just one game behind Philadelphia for both first place in the Atlantic Division and the best record in the NBA.

Although his rebound figure is about the same as it was with the Warriors, Parish is scoring five points more than his career average, and his inspired play at both ends of the court has observers discussing "the new and improved" Parish, talk that both angers and frustrates the old one. "Oh yes, what a turnaround I've made, and, oh, yes, what a difference a year makes," he says mockingly. "My coming to Boston just did wonders for my attitude. Hey I'm doing the same things I did at Golden State. And all that talk about the magic of being with the Celtics, forget it. The only difference in me is that the team I'm on is winning, and that's because the people here complement my game."

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The tallest Celtic ever at 7' 1½" Parish plays a high-level game

#### PRO BASKETBALL continued

Golden State were always respectable, they didn't satisfy his critics, who got the impression from Parish's gait, which can best be described as arthritic, and his on-court facial expression, a permanent scowl, that he was dogging it.

"I heard it all—I had a bad attitude. I only played when I wanted to. Someone even said I was so lazy I got into foul trouble on purpose so I wouldn't have to play," Parish says. "When I came to Boston I knew that I'd be tested to see if I had what it took to be a winner. I always knew I did."

Apparently, so did Fitch and the Celtics. "When the exhibition season started, people were looking at me like I was

crazy, and after I saw Robert go up and down the court the first couple of times I really didn't know whether to laugh or cry myself," Fitch says. "[General Manager] Red Auerbach may be getting old and senile, but I knew he wasn't completely washed up. We'd looked at films and reams of information on Robert and had talked with Scotty Stirling and Pete Newell of the Warriors. They'd told us what we've come to find out, that Robert would be a good man to have even if he weren't a good basketball player."

In the light of Cowens' abrupt retirement, the Parish trade now appears to be another in a long series of brilliant maneuvers by Auerbach. Remember Easy Ed Macauley and Cliff Hagan for the draft rights to Russell? Last year the '76ers overpowered the Celtics in the front court when they eliminated Boston in the playoffs. But with the addition of Parish and McHale to go with 6' 10" Rick Robey, the Celtics' big men have more than held their own in matchups with Philadelphia this season.

A sensitive, introspective bachelor from Shreveport, La., Parish sometimes talks

of chucking it all, finding a shady tree beside a stream back home and going fishing for good. He has come a long way since his days down the bayou. His years in the league have given birth to stylish ways and nurtured a subtle wit. "I get misunderstood because I don't smile and I want to be left alone most of the time," Parish says. "It's just that I've always felt that my actions could speak louder than anything I could say."

They have this season, Cowens' departure left Parish facing the demanding Boston fans with a bad reputation and the difficult task of having to replace a legend to erase that rep. "I never saw the fact that I was replacing Dave as putting more pressure on me," says Parish. "It was more of a challenge. I thought I'd always held up well against the

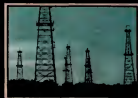
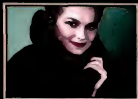
league's other centers, and now I could show everyone else I have too much pride to ever give anyone the satisfaction of saying that I quit."

That same pride enabled Parish to persevere through four years of NCAA probation at Centenary College in Shreveport. Perhaps it never seemed right to the NCAA—which launched an investigation—that such a giant talent could go to such a tiny school (then only 750 students). Parish just wanted to play at home before it was in vogue to do so. When the NCAA discovered some technical violations of its rules in Parish's academic records, it made Centenary ineligible for any tournament bids and struck Parish's and the school's records from its books. Before Parish's senior year the NCAA gave him permission to complete his eligibility at another school where his statistics would be officially recognized and where he could compete in postseason tournaments. He refused and stayed at Centenary, averaging 21.6 points and 16.9 rebounds a game and leading the Gents to a four-year 87-21 record. The Warriors made Parish the eighth player chosen in the 1976 draft.

Fitch says he was a Robert Parish fan then and he remains one today. "If Robert would zero in on basketball for the next five years he could be thought of in the same light as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar," Fitch says. "He can become even more intense and he hasn't touched the potential of his passing game. A year from now he'll pull rebounds off the square on the backboard and kick them out before he hits the ground, like Wes Unseld does."

A year from now the Celtics will have to pay more dearly for Parish's services; his current contract, which pays him a substandard \$100,000 this season, expires this spring. Parish's play with Boston has made his value skyrocket, but the Celtics are determined to keep him. "If Robert signs with anyone else, I'll break both his legs," says Fitch.

At present, Parish is in the running for what he considers a dubious honor, the comeback player of the year award. "I haven't been anywhere to come back. I haven't been hurt or nothin'," Parish says. "That award should go to a player who was hurt or sat out a year and then had a great season. I don't want anything to do with it. But if I tell 'em to keep their award, they'd probably say that I have a bad attitude." **END**

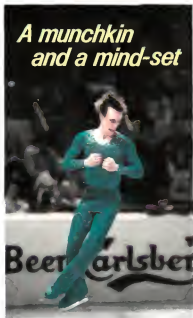


Success is often measured by how deeply you're in the Black.

The competition didn't catch fire right away, which is how it goes with these meets. Figure skating isn't a fast-break sport; one is lulled at first, perhaps by the music or possibly by the sight of so many gracefully flowing forms. But then things start busting loose, and next thing you know, the place is up to here in fallen bodies and bruised egos.

Witness the 1981 World Championships in Hartford, Conn. last week: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, nothing. Oh, there was skating, sure enough, but blaaaah. And then, on Thursday afternoon: whomp! Little Elaine Zayak, the darling of Paramus, N.J., came falling out of the sky, hitting the ice so hard that she bounced a bit, a shock that produced this year's record collective gasp from a crowd. She scrambled up, a bit embarrassed, a lot hurt—but full of fight. That was Highlight No. 1. That night the men's finals produced as mein a battle as there has ever been for a world skating title, and the closest between two Americans: Highlight No. 2. And the next night, Friday, Zayak returned to face Switzerland's Denise Briellmann in a match that was, in its way, the best of all.

There was no way to handicap any of this when the World Championships, the first held in the U.S. in six years, began in Hartford's Civic Center arena. The mystery element in this meet was the fact that most of the sport's big guns had retired since last winter's competition, creating a sort of open season on titles, a situation that brought out 118 athletes from 25 countries. Gone was 1980 women's champ, Anett Poetsch of East Germany. Gone, too, was the 1980 men's winner, Jan Hoffmann, also from East Germany. And missing was the Russian



As Scott Hamilton (above) whirled to the men's world title, a Swiss and her "Psychoplidagoga" took to the clouds

pair of Rodnina and Zaitsev, the '80 Olympic champions. The consers were in Hartford.

"I'm one; I'm going to be the world champ," said Zayak as the meet got underway. "But maybe not just yet. This one might be a little too soon for me: I'm pushing now. But, you know, I could make, maybe, second. We'll just have to see."

It was fitting that the pairs competi-

tion was staged so early in the week when it wouldn't detract from the aforementioned good stuff to come. If anything, the pairs served to raise a couple of burning questions. One: where are you, Randy and Tai, now that we really need you? And, two, after the velvety technique of Gardiner-Babilonia, have we come to this—to Irina Vorobieva and her partner, Igor Liosovsky? They're from the U.S.S.R., of course—except for the brief reign in 1979 of the U.S. pair. Soviets have been champions for the last 16 years—but that's not really the point. These two are assuredly not the fine-tuned Soviets the sport has come to expect, and the shambles of a show they put on last week only served to raise more suspicions about the quality of international judging.

Vorobieva and Liosovsky started sleekly, with that familiar, born-to-skate-together look of the oldtime Protopopovs, but it proved to be pure deception. Along about two minutes into their number, the tape was playing *Tiger Rag*, but Liosovsky and Vorobieva were skating to the

theme from *Swan Lake*. Their next move called for side-by-side camel spins: Igor came out of his right on cue, but Irina spun on and on and on while her partner stood there, watching in dismay. This was no ordinary bobble: she was so blithely doing her own thing that he had time to send out for pizza. Perplexingly, this performance won Vorobieva and Liosovsky clusters of 5.8s and 5.9s—out of a possible 6.0—and the gold medal. The East German and West German pairs were second and third, respectively. Back in fifth was the American brother and sister team, Peter and Carlin Carruthers of Wilmington, Del. This explosive two-some lacks only seasoning, and they

CONTINUED

*When my husband said he couldn't live without me,  
I made sure he could.*

When Michael and I got married, we said it's forever. But what's forever?

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should find perverse good cheer in knowing that the reigning Soviet team can be knocked off.

And so, with all that out of the way, the meet began to heat up. By Thursday evening, the men's competition had shaken down to a shoot-out between David Santee, 23 of Park Ridge, Ill. and 22-year-old Scott Hamilton of Denver. And they were both under attack from Jean-Christophe Simond of France, Russia's Igor Bobrin and Fumio Igarashi of Japan. Santee was the favorite: he had finished second in the earlier compulsory figures and third in the short program to lead the field into the five-minute free-style final. He was also painfully aware that he had been in pretty much the same spot just a few weeks ago during the national championships in San Diego and had finished second to Hamilton. But it wouldn't happen here: "I can take Scotty's best shot," Santee said.



After spinning and sailing, Zeynep struck silver

Who could doubt a statement like that? Heaven knows, Hamilton just doesn't look like the sort of fellow who could deliver the paralyzing shot it takes to win a world title. He's just this side of being wiry at 5' 3" and 110 pounds, skates, heavy socks, braces on his teeth and all. He got this way by a bitter stroke of medical fate. Hamilton would assuredly have been bigger as an adult—he might possibly have been a Merlin Olsen or a Too Tall Jones—but a childhood attack of Schwachman's syndrome literally stunted his growth. Victims of this mysterious malady can't ingest food properly. But the hyperactivity of figure skating pulled him out of it, Hamilton says.

All of this has left him with the look—and attitude—of a madcap munchkin. "You know me," he says. "I go into a department store to buy a new blue blazer. I get the one with the duck on the pocket." And: "I've been playing catch-up all my life, and I'm not complaining. All I ask of this meet is, umm, some 5.9s." In fact, Hamilton won a bunch of 5.9s. And a standing ovation.

He got all of that, and more. Indeed, it seemed that the crowd of some 15,000 was popping to its feet with every skater: it was one of those nights on which everybody was so hot that, if the skaters had been running the indoor mile, all of them would've been under 3:50 and then some. And as belittles such an intense situation, Hamilton was set to skate 19th in the field of 20 finalists. Santee would go last.

Which gave everybody a shot at the two Americans. Simond attacked with a lot of silky stuff; if there was such a thing as a French style of skating, this would be it: all sauce and no meat. Then along came Bobrin, swinging fluidly and finishing with his patented move, a stunt called a Bobrin Spin, which translates into an almost-falldown. Well, thanks, fellas, that was nice, very nice, in fact. But, unh, unh.

The finals shook down to Hamilton's peppery style against Santee's power. Hamilton communicates a sense of pure luck to the crowd while skating, and he laid out every move in his repertoire, so much stuff that at the end, he said, "I was doing a number called 'Illusion of Strength.'" He finished in full spin, with the crowd rising to whoop.

As for Santee, well, "What else can you do?" he said when it was all over. In-

deed, he did everything possible and maybe never better. He, too, finished to a screaming ovation from the Civic Center crowd. His rewards: the silver medal—again—and, most likely, retirement. "I've been in two Olympics and this is my sixth world meet," he said. "And I've got a feeling that this is it for me." Bronze medalist Bobrin, 27, was a little less dismayed by Hamilton. "I hope you'll see me next year," he said.

Enter Zayak, 15, tiny and the U.S. champ. And in this corner, Zurich's Denise Biellmann, who is the Swiss and European champion, 18 years old, blonde with big, soft eyes; one of the few women in the sport who can accurately be said to have a willowy figure.

Ah, but that's all material that everyone knows. Now for the inside stuff. Biellmann also brings to the sport a few beautifully kooky touches. Listen, figure skating needs Biellmann. She travels with her own shrink, for one thing, a plump, expensively minked lady named Margarete Friche, whose profession is Psychopädagogie, which translates roughly into psycho-pedagogue. The Swiss skating federation pays part of Friche's way and the Biellmanns pay the rest—all of it to "subdue the negative influences in Denise's subconscious and to stimulate the positive ones," says her coach, Otto Högin. What's this? Negative thoughts in a skater? Well, yes, Högin says. "Denise is timid and pessimistic by nature, one has to talk to her. I told her yesterday, 'You're the only one here who believes you can't win.'"

Not that the doughty old Högin believes all that psychological mumbo jumbo. At practice sessions he would stand alone behind the barrier at one end of the ice; the shrink would stand at the other end—and Biellmann would skate between them. There was a lot of glaring, and it led to the kind of situation that could have been right out of an old Billy Wilder comedy.

Before the short program, Friche had cooed soothingly to Biellmann. "It takes fortitude of soul to perform an extraordinary feat such as this. There should be a certain harmony reflected in the movements, all matters of the soul are reflected in the body."

And away went Biellmann, presumably psyched up. The problem was that she goofed a bit on a triple jump, suddenly deciding in midair to call it all off after just two revolutions. She made it

continued



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down safely, though it cost a few fractions in scoring.

Well, purely a technical matter, right? Why had Denise missed the triple, Hügin was asked. "Why don't you go and ask the Psychopädagogin why she missed the blanket-blank triple?" he snapped.

But if Hellmann was a snarl of psychological problems, Zayak also had problems of her own—all of them more in keeping with a perfectly adjusted kid who knows exactly where she's going. Foremost among them was that Zayak had perhaps the No. 1 cold in Hartford and couldn't risk taking any medication for it because of possible doping violations. "There ought to be a part in my music where there's a sort of, you know, a big crash of cymbals," she said. "And then, while that's going on, I could quickly sort of go *snawerrrriff* and clear my nose. Listen, yesterday I actually had to wipe my nose on my sleeve while skating—I tried to make it look like a balletic gesture—and that's certainly not very glamorous, is it?"

Zayak also had skated a less-than-perfect short program, the one that had ended in that hard, bouncing fall. But it only served to make her more determined. She's that way. Once, she said, she had fallen out of a triple and landed on her eye. "I got up and looked at my coach (with her good eye, one presumes) for sympathy," she said, "and he said, 'Do it again. Get it right.' " That's Zayak. And Coach Peter Burrows.

So off they went into the finals, one of the women obviously full of fight, the other seemingly full of shapeless dreads—plus a sort of spooky last-minute admonition from her *Psychopädagogin* to think in images. Think, Friebe suggested, “of a white cloud that moves slowly across the sky.”

But that was mental. In reality, this was the situation. Biellmann was in second spot after both the compulsory figures and the short program; Zayak was in fifth. And while Zayak is a sensational charger—at the last World Championships, she bounded from 22nd to finish 11th—she would have to do some extra mighty charging here. Or to put it even more statistically, Zayak could win the gold only if Biellmann finished fourth or worse.

Well, it was close. Zayak banged out what must surely be called a powerful program, with nary a sign of snuffle, a routine punctuated with seven triple



Breilmann subdued her subconscious, did "die Presse" and won the gold

There was the obligatory pause to build suspense. Everybody knew, of course, that Biellmann had won the gold medal and was the new queen of the ice. But then came the awaited announcement: there in second spot was Zayak. Some jump. Claudia Kristofics-Binder of Austria, who had led at the start of the freestyle, finished third.

All this was the beginning of the prelude to the 1984 Winter Olympics in Yugoslavia, and we will not end this story with a prediction: Briemann won't be there. In fact, you can go to lunch on that. Bigger things beckon already. There are, of course, the ice shows: "*Holiday on Ice* has already called," she said. But her real secret wish is to be a movie star, in movies where she can skate and sing and do die *Phourette*. She's studying jazz dance, she's taking singing lessons, and a composer back in Zurich is writing a song just for her.

Well, then, at least Brillmann's victory had been a triumph for psychiatric techniques. Friebe, the psycho-whatever, stood off to one side, looking hugely self-possessed.

Let's ask Beilmann. All that stuff about slow-moving white clouds and fortitude of soul, knowing at the same time that, somewhere out there, Zayak was waiting to pounce. Did you really feel calm and confident in the finals, Denise?

"Not really," she said. "In fact, I was scared all the way." **END**





*The tradition of talking it up in the infield is—alas, babe—fading from the baseball scene* by JACK McCALLUM

# CHATTER

One of my earliest and most valuable Little League lessons was that a .214 batting average could be hidden under a hail of "Hum babes!" It wasn't necessary to know the literal meaning of "Hum babe" to be an ardent user of it. Parsing shows it to be an imperative sentence with the understood subject "you," and the emphatic transitive verb "hum" (to throw the baseball fast), followed by the most time-honored of baseball appellations, "babe." In some future day the expression "Hum babe" will be unearthed, perhaps under layers of fossilized ivy on the ruins of an outfield wall, and *continued*

archeologists will ponder its meaning. But unless they undertake an investigation of baseball chatter, as I'm about to do, they'll come up emptier than the Chicago Cubs.

"Hum babe" seems to be alive and well in Little League, as I discovered on a visit to a game in my neighborhood last summer. As one of the pitchers—a putative case who in four years will be cut from his high school baseball team—wound up, the entire infield suddenly began a chorus of "Hum babes" that built to a crescendo as he threw, before turning into a collective and deafening "SWING BATTER!" as the ball approached the plate. The rhythm of the whole thing reminded me of an old *Win Elliot* New York Ranger hockey telecast: "Bathgate takes the puck over the blue line [excited], shovels to Camille Henry [louder and faster], gets it back [building, building], shoots... SCORE!"

We were a little more sophisticated in my Little League days, during the late '50s and early '60s. The "swing batter" part was generally regarded as showing a lack of class and was left to pudgy catchers who were also slow at trying to pull in outside pitches to cadge called strikes. But chatter was definitely part of the game, as any insurance salesman who once played "some semipro" would tell you. Boys who didn't chatter would soon be wearing D.A. haircuts or applying to art school. You had to chatter. This was particularly true if you were a weak-hitting infielder, the category in which I spent the nine uneventful summers of my baseball career. I had to putter around the base, kick some dirt, talk it up, keep my teammates "on their toes," raise fingers to indicate the number of outs to the dolt in the outfield and generally furnish a running commentary, the machine-gun quality of which would put Joe Garagiola to shame.

And this chatter business wasn't all "Hum babes." You learned something new every year. "Throw that dark one past him now, big kid, hum, you kid!" Just try diagraming that sentence. Or "Nothing too good now, big guy: got him where you want him, you kid!" You shouted this when your pitcher was in front

a batter 0 and 2 and you wanted him to "waste one." It mattered not that your pitcher could barely throw a waist-high, slow strike if his life depended on it; it was your obligation as a chatterer to remind him that a slider an inch or two off the outside corner was just the ticket.

I drew the line on some forms of chatter. Our Little League coach (an insurance salesman) wanted his infielders to show their confidence by yelling. "Make him hit to me, big fella!" Any pitcher who found solace in the thought that a ground ball would be coming in my direction was to be pitied, but this line of chatter was given as a sign that the infield was bristling with confidence and was "heads up." I could never bring myself to say those words, though, fearing the derision that would be directed my way when I botched a routine grounder: "Yeah, he hit it to you all right. You stunk!" Another of my chattering shortcomings, one which remains today, was an inability to whistle—the short, piercing whistle that came from the side of a mouth stuffed with bubble gum (or, later, tobacco) and was a staple of oldtime chatter. But if you can't whistle like that, you can't whistle like that, just like you can't burp at will, another cherished skill I lacked.

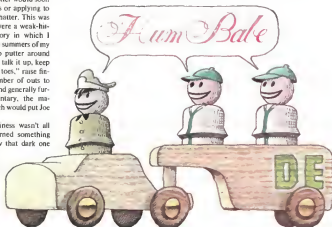
I always figured that chatter—like the

phantom double-play pivot or the leave-the-bag-early stretch at first base—would get more sophisticated as one moved up the baseball ladder. Surely, pro infielders would have all sorts of inventive advice to dispense between their side-of-the-mouth whistles and tobacco-juice spitting. Imagine the grand infusion of confidence a major league pitcher would feel as a quartet of \$250,000 infielders chanted, "Make 'im hit it here, big guy, make 'im hit it to me!"

But in one of the most depressing discoveries of my life—even more depressing than finding out that the ingredients in spongy white bread can turn you into a chicken or something—I am here to report that chatter has all but died out in the major leagues.

You've wondered about it from time to time, haven't you? Sitting up in the ionosphere with a dollar hot dog and a two-buck beer, you've pondered what Davey Lopes and Steve Garvey were saying as they stood poised, hands on knees? Well, they weren't saying anything; they were merely crouching poised, hands on knees. Minnesota Twins scout Angelo Giuliani calls today's game "deaf and dumb baseball." For the most part, he's right.

It didn't used to be that way. Back in the when-the-grass-was-real days, if a



major leaguer didn't chatter, he didn't play. It was that way right through the '50s and into the '60s. "In our day we thought chatter was a little risky," says the former (1947-61) sleeveless slugger Ted Kluszewski, who's now the Cincinnati Reds' hitting instructor, "but everybody was doing it."

Charlie (Jolly Cholly) Grimm never thought it was risky. With Billy Herman at second, Bill Jurgens at short and Smilin' Stan Hack at third, Grimm was for a time the first baseman for the fine Cub infield of the 1930s. "Joe McCarthy, who was my manager for a few years, insisted on chattering from his infield," says Grimm, who's 82 but says he feels like he's 42. "It was a settle-down proposition, really, to help out the pitcher. And we threw the ball around with a lot of pep during infield practice before the game. Today maybe they have three rounds and try maybe one double play, and you look out there and there's a catcher on second and an outfielder playing third. But not us. We had infield for 20, 25 minutes, and when we were done we stayed right there on the field. The fans used to come out early to watch us. It was part of what you got for the price of admission."

"Frankie Frisch, when he was player-manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, used

to tell his club, 'Watch how these guys handle it. Listen to how they talk it up. They want to beat the hell out of you.'" And, of course, those superb Cub infielders had no fears at all about publicly displaying their self-assurance. "Hell, the other team would get a guy on first base and you'd hear Jurgens or Herman yelling, 'Make him hit to me, we'll get two,'" Grimm says. "That kind of thing builds the old confidence."

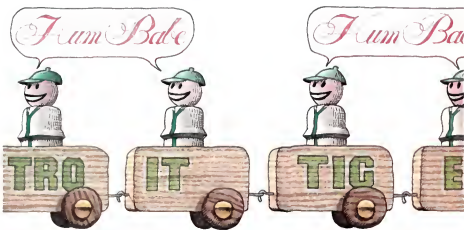
Former Milwaukee Brewers Manager George Bamberger, 55, once a minor-league pitcher, agrees. "Making noise was part of the game in my playing days," he says. "Sometimes it even helped win a job. If an infielder didn't keep up a constant line of chatter, they'd say he was lackadastrical, that he wasn't in the ball game. The players then were fast sleepers. They would pour beer and whiskey down at night and play like s.o.b.s the next day. Managers figured that if a guy was too tired to talk it up in the infield, he was too tired to play."

Joe Cronin, 74, a Hall of Fame shortstop and later president of the American League, bemoans the fact that it's not just infielders who've stopped chattering. "I've noticed that the coaches, for the most part, don't say anything anymore," says Cronin. "Coaches used to really stir

things up down there. Art Fletcher, Eddie Collins, Jimmy Dykes, Al Simmons. They all chattered when they were players, and they kept it up all the time when they were coaching."

"I remember once there was a pitcher who went around with a cigarette girl from a hotel and Simmons would yell out to him, 'Cigars, cigarettes. Cigars, cigarettes.'" That would hardly leave a modern player rolling in the dugout, but player audiences were more receptive in Cronin's day. He says, "I remember a pitcher named Duster Mails who pitched for the Cleveland Indians in 1920, the year they won the pennant. Nick Altrock was coaching for Washington and Nick would get Mails laughing so hard with the stuff he did over there that Duster couldn't pitch."

Well, what happened to Grimm's peppery infielders? Or Cronin's clowning coaches? As far as I can tell, major league chatter didn't die on a single day, in the manner that Don McLean, in *American Pie*, says rock 'n' roll did after Buddy Holly's plane crash. "The day the 'Hum babes' died" just doesn't ring true. Of course, we can simply conclude that nothing at all is like it used to be and that the disappearance of chatter from baseball is another *connected*



indication that the republic is going to hell in a handbasket. But that just doesn't cut it with this historian. No, there must be other reasons for the demise of chatter. Let's start with some of the practical ones:

"There's so much noise from the crowd, you can't hear chattering anyway," says Gordy MacKenzie, the Kansas City Royals' third-base coach. "You have it in the minors and you can hear it because the crowds aren't so big. Some of us coaches chatter a little, but the only one who hears me is myself."

MacKenzie's boss, Manager Jim Frey, agrees. "We play before crowds of more than 30,000 all the time," he says. "There's so much noise from the stands you couldn't hear the players if they were hollering. When I was a coach [with Baltimore], I'd try to tell the runner when and how to lead off, but he couldn't hear me with those big crowds all revved up. So what good is 'Come on, baby' going to do?"

"I can't hear anybody talking on the field," says Milwaukee Third Baseman Sal Bando. "Hey, I can't even get a guy's attention in the on-deck circle."

claims Los Angeles Dodger Coach Monty Bassall.

But most explanations of the death of chatter have to do with the changing nature of the game and the changing nature of the men playing it. One of the big shifts in the game has been the decline of the bench jockey. While bench jockeying is not chatter in the narrow sense of the word, it is the kind of enthusiastic jawing that carries over to the field. Where chatter is upbeat and encouraging to your team—the Norman Vincent Peale side of the coin—bench jockeying is rather nasty and personal toward your opponents, like turning Don Rickles loose at a roast. Bench jockeying remains much more alive than chatter, but it's nowhere near as vicious as it used to be. Calling the Chicago White Sox "Pilgrims" because of their black uniforms is not the same as hurling racial insults at Jackie Robinson, a popular form of jockeying 30 or so years ago. There are still some pearls tossed from the dugout now and then, as Seattle Mariner Reliever Dave Heaverlo can attest. "Jim Essian [a former teammate of Heaverlo's at Oakland] said the funniest thing I've ever heard of on a bench," says Heaverlo. "It was after a pickoff attempt and Essian yelled to the pitcher, 'Your sister has a better move with a man on.' Not bad, but certainly tame by oldtime standards."

Indeed, bench jockeying now must often take the form of Essian's one-liner, instead of the insistent drilling a Leo Durocher or an Eddie Stanky would put the opposition through. White Sox Coach Bobby Winkles says the best bench jockeys aren't even in the major leagues. "They're at Southern Cal," says Winkles. "I think they give a guy a full scholarship to sit on the bench and yell at the other team."

"I talk a lot but I very seldom get on somebody unless he throws at somebody else," says Cincinnati Third Baseman Ray Knight, who shall later become somewhat

of a hero in this piece. "It could be that there are more educated guys in the game today. There used to be more guys off the streets. Whatever the reason, guys today aren't exposed to as much bench jockeying. There's nobody to copy. It's becoming extinct."

"Jockeying has stopped for the simple reason there's no longer that feeling of being at war with the other team," says Vern Rapp, a coach with the Montreal Expos. "Some managers [in the old days] wouldn't let their players so much as talk to the opposition. Some skippers would tell you to do anything you could that might help you defeat the other team. The fraternization rule was severely supervised. You were fined, and you paid a stiff fine."

"The ballplayers are all in the same union," sniffs Toronto Blue Jay Pitching Coach Al Widmar, "so they're not going to get on one another."

Most major leagues, in fact, are now trained not to get on the opposition. This applies even on teams such as the Baltimore Orioles, who are run by that supreme throwback, Earl Weaver. Weaver, who gets all over umpires, says that when it comes to opponents it's best "to let sleeping dogs lie 'cause they'll only come back to get you later," and he discourages any kind of retaliation among his players. It should be noted that this doesn't prevent Weaver himself from jockeying, although his barbs don't tend to be all that personal. He's constantly on Texas Ranger Pitcher Ferguson Jenkins, for example, about Jenkins' foot leaving the rubber, but he probably won't dwell on Fergie's well-publicized run-in with Canadian customs agents.

As a further deterrent, umpires are quick to stop bench jockeying nowadays. "The ump won't let you do it," says Pittsburgh Pirate Manager Chuck Tanner, who feels restrained by today's narrow code of behavior. Skippers, Tanner recalls, used to lead the jockeying and thus set the tenor for a chattering ball club. "But if a manager today got up on the top step of the dugout and yelled, 'Stack one in his ear,' he'd get suspended," says Tanner. Jim Fregosi, the manager of the California Angels, got run out of a game in Boston last season for shouting just one word, and it wasn't even X-rated. The word was "scream." Third-base Umpire Durwood continued



Indicators of old-school like: No I Don't (bench jockey).



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Merrill had told Fregosa early in the game. "I don't want to hear one scream out of you," several innings later, when Fregosa merely shouted "Scream!" Merrill gave him the thumb. Sometimes, as former President Carter once told us, life is unfair.

But the way everything is today, most players don't want to give the Durwood Merrills that hard a time. They certainly don't want to give each other that hard a time. They're traveling from coast to coast, playing ball from late February to mid-October, forever answering questions about their hemorrhoids and trying to keep their tax shelters straight. Come on, give 'em a break.

"I wouldn't want anybody talking to me while I'm trying to hit," says Pittsburgh Pirate Ed Ott, a catcher, the position that used to be the cornerstone of a chattering team. "So I don't talk to anyone else while he's at bat. Oh, if a friend of mine comes up to the plate—Joel Youngblood of the Mets or somebody like that—I'll talk to him, but just about social matters. We do a lot of things together. But I wouldn't say anything to a hitter just because he's a hitter."

"It's a different game today and it'll never be the same," says Whitey Wietcmann, who at 62 is still working for the San Diego Padres after retiring as a coach. "Players sit on the bench and talk about other things. They don't concentrate on the game and on stealing signs the way they used to. I remember if you played for Durocher, you had to be sure to know three things at all times—the score, the number of outs and the count on the batter. He'd walk down the bench, put a hand in front of a player's eyes so the guy couldn't see the scoreboard, and ask for the score, the outs and the count. If you didn't know, it cost you \$50."

"There's much less emotion in the game now," says Philadelphia Phillies Coach Bobby Wine, who wasn't much of a chatterer despite his good-field, no-hit reputation as a player from 1960 to 1972. "On our club, outside of Tug McGraw, not many guys show their emotions." (Yes, Pete Rose still chatters, but

that may be because he makes so many head-first slides.)

"I'd say it started in the new era, when guys started going into the free-agent market, getting long-term contracts, that sort of thing," adds Wine. "I'm not saying there's anything wrong with it. It's not a bad thing. It's just the changing style, that's all."

Bill Rigney, now a special assignments scout for the Angels, is saying it's a bad thing. You must remember, though, that Rigney's nickname when he played the

damn it, he was in there chattering.

Why not? Well, Mike Squires, a first baseman for the White Sox, will tell you why not: "Players talk to players about situations but never yell. 'Hey, batter, batter.' There are more things to think about than trying to make a batter nervous in the pen ranks, when you're not going to make them nervous anyway."

Bill Stern, a third baseman now with the Rangers, will tell you why not. "It's a waste of breath. As far as talking to be talking. I don't do any of that. I'm listening for any shortstop to signal me if he sees a breaking ball or off-speed pitch is on its way. I can't be out there going chatter, chatter, chatter, and still concentrate on what I'm supposed to do. Most of the time if an infielder is talking, it's when he's got something to say to a pitcher or another infielder."

And it's not just the contemporary ballplayer who inveighs against chatter. Bob Feller, who pitched in the age of chatter, will tell you why not. "I always thought it was a lot of nonsense because a player can't think with his mouth open. Of course, managers really encouraged players to talk it up on the bench. That was important. You had to keep those guys from falling asleep, because I've seen guys fall right off that bench and onto the disabled list." (No matter how important the thesis, some guys just won't be serious.)

And Bill Mazeroski, who played one of the chatter positions—second base—as well as anyone ever has, will tell you why not: "I did more concentrating than hollering. A lot of chatter to me is like a high school game. Why holler when it doesn't mean anything? 'Hum, babe' is just a lot of bull. [Oh, blasphemy] I used to be that managers and coaches, all the way up the chain, always said, 'Let's keep up the chatter.' You did it because you were supposed to. But managers don't demand it now."

Particularly managers like Kansas City's Frey. He will tell you why not, too: "I don't think chatter serves much purpose, really. Years ago, continued



Unlike the old days, the readers now is to hear no evil, speak no evil

infield for the New York Giants from 1946 until 1953 was The Cricket, because his chatter could be heard, he claims, deep in the centerfield bleachers of the Polo Grounds.

"Ever since the formation of the Players Association, players have changed attitude, changed personalities," says Rigney. "It's like they're businessmen, not zealous athletes. They don't care enough about winning and losing. They say they want to respect human dignity or human rights, but I say go back to basics—it's a competitive world. Ever see two brothers in competition? They battle to the end. I say, let's win and let's show we want to win, with decency, of course. So why not shake 'em up a little, why not holler some encouragement?"

You tell 'em, Bill. Why not, indeed? Heck, Marty Martinez used to chatter constantly when he played shortstop for the Atlanta Braves in 1967 and '68 and it wasn't even in English. It got so bad that Second Baseman Felix Millan, who spoke Spanish, and Clete Boyer at third used to wear earplugs because they swore Martinez was jabbering in tongues. But,



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when I first started playing pro ball, even some of the outfielders hollered a lot. We used to think that was a form of hustle. At least a lot of the managers used to think that it showed that the team was alive, alert, hustling. But I'm not so sure that was the case because some of the best hustlers and most intelligent players I knew weren't the guys who were doing all the hollering. I think it's overrated."

Is this hurting you, too? An old war-horse like Jim Frey saying chatter is overrated? Telling us that all those carefully chanted phrases that you and I specialized in were just so much hot air? If you're not depressed now, check out the opinions of Pittsburgh's Phil Garner, generally considered a throwback to the old days, a guy with the nickname of Scrap Iron.

"Baseball has become a thinking man's game," says Garner. "You try to think with your pitcher and you don't want to be cluttering your mind with a lot of that rah-rah chatter stuff. This isn't Little League out here. Oh, you'll hear some noise from our club sometimes. We're not like the Dodgers who don't say a damn word. It's almost like they have an air of sophistication about them, and they don't want to get their uniforms dirty. I'll whistle occasionally, maybe talk to the runners. With two out, I'll say, 'O.K., let's turn that D.P.' and maybe get the runner screwed up a little bit. During infield, once in a while we'll throw it around and talk it up. [Jolly Cholly would be so happy.] Of course, we don't always take infield." [Jolly Cholly would be so sad.]

One evening last season Garner broke up an attempted double play by the Phillies by casually throwing up his hand to block the relay to first. If a guy like that isn't into chattering, who is? Is there no one left, no descendants of Charlie Grimm and his infield, no one in the majors who could please that insurance-salesman coach of mine? "You know who still chatters?" Garner said after that game. "Kurt Bevacqua. Yeah, Bevacqua. Talk to him. He's crazy."

Bevacqua was still playing for San Diego then. Later he ended up with Pittsburgh, and I like to think of him and Garner sitting together in the Pirate dugout, spitting tobacco juice, and Garner finally agreeing that, yes, chatter was the way to go. If anyone could persuade Garner, it would be Bevacqua. After all, it was he who had blown

everyone away—literally—a few years ago in a nationally televised bubble-gum-blowing competition, a fitting sideline for an advocate of chattering.

"Nope, you never hear chatter anymore," said Bevacqua, who seemed delighted merely to find someone who wanted to discuss the subject. "But I still keep it up. Last week in Montreal, for example, I had the Expos dying laughing in the dugout, I was semiserious about it, though. Our pitching staff had gone through some rough times [as Padre staffs are wont to do], and I thought they might need something like that. So I'd say, 'Hum, batter, batter, batter. SWING!' Then, when I was on the bench, I figured I'd get on their pitcher a little bit. He was a rookie in his first game and I thought I'd rattle him. It was none of this pitcher-has-a-glass-arm stuff; it was

a little more sophisticated. But after a while I got off him." That could've been because the pitcher, rookie Charlie Lea, breezed past the Padres 9-1. Jolly Cholly never said this stuff was foolproof.

"You know, that's why I get a kick out of high school and other amateur games," continued Bevacqua. "We were out in St. Louis while there was a high school tournament going on, and I watched the whole thing because it brought back so many memories. Like, 'Hum, shoot, rock, fire, hube, hum, shoot, rock, fire.'" ("Hube" is used conjunctively in this case, linking the two main clauses of "Hum, shoot, rock, fire.")

Bevacqua, who plays many positions, none of them impeccably, tries to calm his pitchers with make-him-hit-to-me chatter, though whether it actually calms them is a moot point. He'd given Steve Mura such advice in a game earlier last season in Philadelphia and Mura did his best to obey, the only problem was that balls hit by Mike Schmidt and Greg Luzinski toward Bevacqua, who was playing leftfield, went a bit over his head and landed in the upper deck. "I told Steve he was on the right track, though," said Bevacqua.

Even though his chatter doesn't always produce results, Bevacqua is determined to keep it up. "I do it because you have to do something to stay loose in this game," he said. "No one can keep you loose but yourself. And, who knows, you might distract the opposition with it and help your own guys. Your guy might have every muscle in his body tightened up, and if you can tell him something to make him relax just a little bit, it could loosen his whole body."

"You know, they have studies on the fact that there's a lot more pressure put on the body when you frown than when you smile. It's just, well, easier to smile, and chattering might help you do that. At least, that's the way I look at it."

I felt much better after my conversation with Bevacqua. Further research revealed that several of Bevacqua's contemporaries felt the same way about chatter. San Francisco Giants Pitcher Greg Minton says, "I think I'd like to hear some chatter behind me. I'd like to know my teammates are behind me, that we respect each other, I don't think it's hush. I don't agree that it would be a distraction."

Del Unser of the Phillies, *continued*



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whose father, Al, played in the majors during the chattering age, agrees with Minton. "Guys worry about their image too much," he says. "They try to be more intelligent in what they say now. A lot has to do with ego and image. I think it's just a case of guys getting paid more, getting into a lot more things mentally. That might be one reason there's not as much chatter. A lot of guys are concerned with other things besides just baseball. And that's unfortunate."

And not all managers take Jim Frey's antichatter approach. "I have to keep on the guys on the bench to get them chattering," says Seattle Manager Maury Wills. "I can't do anything about the guys on the field. I always chatter because I like to hear it myself. I liked to have guys chattering for me. Managers seem to be different today. They pick out one spot on the bench, usually on the end, and they sit there the whole game. I move around and chatter and ask the players to get a little life on the bench."

It turns out, too, that if you look hard enough you can find pockets of chatter around the league, little Bevacquaian outposts. This chatter doesn't come just from rookies hitting .220 who are trying to avoid a one-way ticket back to Quad Cities. One chatterer is the Red's Knight, an All-Star third baseman. "I personally believe in chattering because that's my way of staying in the game," he says. "It also pumps the pitcher up. I'm able to get some input into the game. I know it's frowned upon in the major leagues because it's considered hush. When a player gets to be 24 or 25 years old, he doesn't think he needs to pump up another major league player. I don't agree."

Knight says he yells the typical stuff, the copious that flew around my own Little League infield. "I say things like, 'Come on, babe, let's get two!' Or 'Fire it in there. You're the best!' I've had just about every guy on our pitching staff come up to me and say they appreciate

it when I pump them up." And Knight isn't teased around the league, either. "No one's ever said anything to me because they know it's sincere."

Rapp emerges as a chatterer, too, according to Felipe Alou, a former Expos coach who now manages their Denver farm club. "He yells for all nine innings," says Alou. "I'm getting just like everybody else myself. I'm too quiet. I should do more yelling. It creates a little more enthusiasm, greater awareness of the ball game." A bout of conscience, eh, Alou?

San Francisco Giant Shortstop Johnnie LeMaster is in the Knight-Rapp camp, too. "I did it especially when John Montefusco was pitching," says LeMaster. "He's an emotional guy and needs to know his team is behind him. He needs to get his head together sometimes after a home run."

And it turns out—praise be—that "Hum babe," or its progenitor "Hum baby," was the war cry of the Detroit Tigers last season. "You could hear them yelling it in the clubhouse and on the bus," reports Detroit News columnist Jerry Green. "Apparently Champ Summers brought it with him when the Tigers got him out of the Cincinnati organization." Ray Knight strikes again.

Obviously, chatter is no longer the force it was when of Jolly Cholly and his mates were whipping the ball around the Chicago infield. But it still surfaces here and there, like a bargain at the supermarket. I started to feel better about my baseball record, as a lifetime .214 hitter but a career .400 chatterer. I felt so good, in fact, that after my research was done I decided to try a revolutionary—for me—but of chatter in a softball game. "Make him hit to me, pitch, make him hit to me, babe!" I yelled from my position at third. As luck would have it, a groundball instantly came my way, and I fielded it cleanly and threw the batter out at first. Somewhere, Kurt Bevacqua was smiling. Not to mention Charlie Grimm.

END



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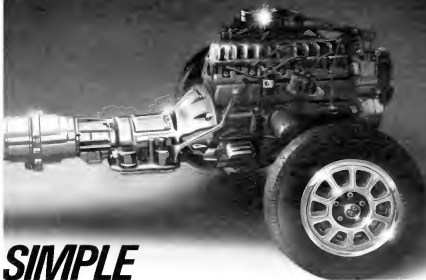
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# On The Scene

by STEVE RAYMOND

**IN DEBRIS-LADEN RIVERS, THAT BEADY EYE FIXING YOURS MAY NOT BE A FISH'S**

It was a fine day for fishing and the river seemed in perfect shape. The current carried my fly down through a long, deep, promising drift. No trout took hold, but as I followed the progress of the fly I noticed a metallic glint underwater.

Wading downstream to investigate, I could see the outline of a large object on the river bottom, mostly hidden by a layer of fine gravel swept over it by the current. I kicked at the object with my waders until enough gravel had fallen away to reveal what it was: a penny gum-ball machine.

It wasn't the only one. In a short stretch of river I came across four others. Each had its coin box pried open its pennies long gone. A thief apparently had collected them somewhere, filled their coin boxes and then dumped them off an upstream bridge.

The gum-ball machines were in the Cedar River, southeast of Seattle. The Cedar remains a fairly pristine river, but because it is close to an urban area it inevitably attracts some of society's debris.

In fact, it's a rare river anywhere these days that doesn't contain at least a couple of rusting automobile hulks, a few old bedsprings and lots of beer and soda-pop cans and other miscellaneous trash. Some of it is dumped there on purpose and some by accident, and sometimes rivers scoop up a lot of it on their own when they overflow their banks.

One result is that if you fish rivers a lot, you come across some pretty odd things. A friend of mine once noticed a shiny object on the bottom where he was fishing. Thinking it was a marble, he stooped to pick it up. It turned out to be a glass eye. Another angler I know reported finding a trombone in a river, perhaps dropped off by a student who had grown weary or frustrated with practicing.

Most of the odd things I've found have been in the North Fork of the Stillaguamish, a famous steelhead

river north of Seattle. I own a small fishing cabin on the North Fork and spend much of my time there. One day I was wading the river near my cabin when I noticed a round green object on the bottom. It was a pool ball—the No. 6, to be exact. Within a short time I found 10 other object balls, plus the cue ball.

I don't know what happened to the four missing balls; being round, they were probably washed downstream, perhaps as far as Puget Sound. If I pick up a newspaper someday and read that a fisherman has landed a big Chinook salmon with a 13 ball in its stomach, I won't be surprised.

Sometimes things get into rivers out of plain stupidity. One summer weekend an intrepid camper drove a brand-new truck onto a Stillaguamish sandbar and parked it. It was a customized pickup with a roll bar and a gleaming finish, complete with a spectacular flame painting radiating from the wheel wells. The camper pitched his tent on the bank overlooking the sandbar and, satisfied that all was well, settled down for the night. It rained hard that night and the river came up rapidly. Next morning the camper crawled out of his tent just in time to see the river closing over the hood of his new pickup.

Some years ago the North Fork acquired a manure spreader. It was either dumped into the river by a farmer or was swept up in a flood. Eventually it became lodged in the Deer Creek Riffle, one of the most popular fishing spots on the river.

Within a season or two, anglers discovered that the best place to fish the riffle was from the middle of the spreader. If you waded out and stood right in the center of its rotating frame and then cast

downstream, your chances of hooking a steelhead were good. The manure spreader became an important local angling landmark. Alas, a year ago the river flooded again. The manure spreader now lies hauled under gravel.

Golf balls are common in the river near my cabin. One of my neighbors has a tee set up on the bank and uses the North Fork as a driving range. His son-in-law, who works at a commercial driving range, keeps him well supplied with balls. His best drives carry over the river and through the woods on the other side. Steelhead and salmon dodge his hooks and slices.

Occasionally, fishermen end up dodging, too. Once I was walking behind a screen of alders across the river from my neighbor's cabin when golf balls suddenly began ripping through the foliage. There were a couple of near misses, but fortunately no hits.

Getting bombarded by golf balls is a relatively minor tribulation compared to what I might have faced if I'd been fishing the North Fork on Oct. 19, 1999. That day the river acquired its most spectacular bit of debris: a Boeing 707. It was on a test flight and clipped the tops off several trees on the lot next to mine and crash-landed right in the middle of the Elbow Hole.

Even now you still find bits and pieces of the airplane scattered in the alder thicket, but salvage crews long ago removed the bulk of the wreckage from the river.

Thank goodness. It's had enough having to cast from the middle of a manure spreader or trying to tease a steelhead out of a submerged 1968 Oldsmobile. But trying to catch a fish that is hiding out in the tourist-claw section of a 707—that's ridiculous! **END**



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## FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week March 2-8**

Compiled by N. BRIDGES, CLARK

[illegible]

**BOWLING**—E. ARL ANTHONY defeated Ernie Schlegel 142-217 to win the \$135,000 PBA National Championship in Toledo. It was Anthony's fourth national title.

**BOXING**—CORNELLIUS BOZA EDWARDS won a unanimous 15-round decision over defending champion Rafael Maslokin-Limon in Stockton, Calif. for the WBC super featherweight title.

FLEDER FLORES won the WBA junior flyweight title by stopping defending champion Yuki Kasahara of the US in round six in Naha, Japan.

**FIGURE SKATING**—At the world championships in Hartlepool, U.K., SCOTT BRAMLETON of the U.S. won the men's title. THOMAS BRITENJAN of Switzerland placed first among the women. JAYNE TORRILL and CHRISTOPHER DILLAN of Great Britain triumphed in ice dancing, and DENA VOBORECHOVA and ILIJAS ALOVSKY of the U.S.S.R. won the pairs figure 60.

**GOLF**—DGM killed shot a 14 under par 274 to win the \$100,000 Inaugural Classic in Laurelhill, Pa. by one stroke over Jack Nicklaus.

NANCY LOPEZ MELTON defeated Pat Brady by four strikes in won a \$125,000 LPGA tournament in Tucson. She had a score of 278, 14 under par.

[illegible]

**HORSE RACING**—JOCKEY HENRY (55 lb.) ridden by Laffi Pincus, 3, defeated King (45 lb.) by a length to win the \$400,000 San Anna Handicap. The 3-year-old gelding made the 1 1/4 miles in 1:39 1/2.

**TORD AVIE** (34): Chris Mott, jockey up close, from 1 1/2 lengths back to win the \$225,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park by 4 1/2 lengths over Alconero. The 3-year-old ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:50 1/2.

**ALWAYS A CINCH** The 100 millionth PA Russell Hare beat Handover, Day 14, 17 lengths on a 1 1/2 mile California Derby on a new track at Golden Gate Fields. The 5-year-old covered the 1 1/2 miles in 1:47 1/4.

[illegible]

**INDIAN SOCCER—NASL** The Eastern Division is to host the Eastern, Mid-West and South-West regional championships in 1982, but cannot to move.

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MARILYN NAVRATH DVM, is Assistant Director, 400 E-93rd Ave., Box 5150-0000, Englewood, CO 80155. E-mail: [navrathm@vetmed.vt.edu](mailto:navrathm@vetmed.vt.edu)

COLLE MAYER (defeated) John Mayer, D. E. (1994)  
\$125,000 investment in Dismar

In *Diary Copulas*, in *Caribbea* 4 (1976), 1, 5, citation of Mexico 1, 2. When Mexico took 1, 2 I had written it as JOHN McLENNON, but Karl Knappich found it as and RCPH DE TANNER, dated Felipe Yermola 16-2-4-5 in the kind date of composition.

**MILEPOSTS** RUSHING: As basketball coach in College Park, DANE MORRISON, 50, likes to "run" his team. In 1991 he set a record by coaching the Yellow Jackets to a 22-1 record.

**TRAULIG** Bo, the Arizona Brave, Outfielder, Hittin' BLRRECHHS. He won a Texas League Series in the American League MVP in 1974 in the South. Maroon for a certain team in the

**DIET:** Golden Gophers have *HOPII* 1112N/1341 U N of Limestone. It's the 178 pound state champion in 1979 of a institution of the 30th following Blunt being trauma suffered in a regional Golden Gopher, then on Eastern. Pa on March 1. Limestone, who had a 25 second since 1978, didn't wear protective padding, which is optional under the rules of the 13th State of America Amateur Boxing Federation.

## CREDITS

[illegible]

## FACES IN THE CROWD

DEBORAH CLEVER
*Ph.D. in English*

Class 24, the girls softball coach at Cantonville High, guided the Cornets to their second consecutive undefeated season (17-0) and a 15-1, 15-1 victory over Chesapeake High for the state title. Her record over five seasons is 57-6.



LES HARBING  
MONTANA 58

Hersing, 48, a nuclear safeguards engineer, defeated Dick Radloff 18-12, 15-10, 15-11 to win the 45-and-over championship at the U.S. Amateur squash tournament in Dartmouth. He holds five U.S. and two Canadian age-group titles.



ANY REG  
S. 1000

After a rough start in Johnson High, set back Minnesota girls' high school swimming records at the state championship meet in Minneapolis. She won the 200-yard individual medley with a time of 5:47.30 and the 100-yard butterfly in 56.1

DAVID BARTH  
Editor, *Mm*

Davis, a senior wrestler at Park Hill High, led his team to the Missouri 4-A scholastic championship by winning all 1/6 of his matches, 21 of them on pins, and the state 138-pound title. In three varsity seasons he had a record of 91-3.



KATHY CONGRAN  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, 5-11

Kathy, a sophomore at the Haddamess School, won three giant slalom and was third and fourth in two slaloms to win the 16- and 17-year-old girls title at the Eastern Junior Alpine Sliding Championships on New York's Whiteface Mountain.



**BOBBY THOMPSON**  
No. 100, 154

Bohls, a 6-1 senior point guard at Central High, scored 27 points in the Eagles' 62-38 state tournament loss to Ligon High in a double overtime four-year contest with 7,152 fans. Only 16 high schoolers in history have scored more.

## AMERICAN RENEWAL (CONT.)

Sir

I have just finished reading John Underwood's article *A Game Plan for America* (Feb. 23), along with the editorial comment by Henry Grunwald, and it is the best material I have ever read on the subject of team play and sports.

Having two children engaged in several youth league activities, I am keenly aware of the intense pressure that is put on them to win at any cost. Sometimes I feel myself getting caught up in the desire to see my children's team win, and I begin to lose sight of the real reason they are playing.

It is my opinion that competitive sports have been corrupted—young people are being taught that winning is all that is important and that you play for yourself, not your team. Underwood reminds us that we have to reevaluate our priorities and get sports back into the proper perspective.

It is articles like this one that make *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* one of the great magazines of our time.

DAVID W. BONNER  
Philadelphia

Sir

John Underwood's article is so true. We all seem to forget that children first have to learn a sport before they can excel. The youth leagues definitely need to be reoriented.

One thing I would like to see changed is the practice of some baseball managers of taking their teams out for ice cream after big wins. My father was criticized when he told his team that he would treat after particular games regardless of whether we won or lost. Our team's record improved vastly after he took over, and we played for our own enjoyment rather than the manager's.

I also have a message for every parent of a youth leaguer who has, at one time or another, gotten into a fight with another parent over some aspect of the game, your son's league championship isn't important enough for you to make a jock out of yourself.

BON BURNSTEN  
St. Paul

Sir

Thanks so much for pointing out the practice in certain Georgia school systems of holding back athletes in the eighth grade to increase their chances of getting college football scholarships. I am in favor of all high school athletics, but when we start keeping back students for athletic purposes we contradict everything our educational system stands for. Coaches who engage in this practice should reexamine their priorities. Parents who sup-

port it should think again about the well-being of their children.

KENYA PINKERTON  
High School Teacher  
Anytown, Ga.

Sir

Don't despair because big-time sports programs are win-at-any-cost, elitist ventures. Hearken to the world's best elementary physical program ever, flowering at our school. Fifth-grade boys and girls play on coed teams, learning soccer, football, basketball, softball, etc., and they also do strength and flexibility exercises. Student captains, student scorekeepers, and student exercise leaders handle the program. After teaching the rules of the sport, teachers retire as supervisors. Different games are played each day and everyone gets the same physical grade. A love of competition prevails, so skills rapidly improve. Enthusiastic children cruise over wins, but there are no prizes or all-star teams. Skills contests are held intermittently, and the school year concludes with a field day at which classes vie for paper ribbons and the championship. Every child competes, and parents are conspicuous by their absence.

The rewards to the students and the teachers are readily apparent to all who are involved. I wonder if older students wouldn't benefit from a physical program based on similar ideas.

CAROLYN FINNERAN  
Fifth-Grade Teacher  
Warm Springs School  
Fremont, Calif.

In addition to being an elementary school teacher, Mrs. Finneran is the mother of Sharon and Michael Finneran, 10-time and three-time national champions in swimming and diving, respectively. Sharon was the first woman to hold world records in three different "strokes"—freestyle, butterfly and individual medley—and Mike represented the U.S. in the '72 Olympics after executing what is reputedly is history's only perfect dive during the trials.—ED

Sir

John Underwood's article was a topic of discussion in my high school sports-literature class. My students feel that drug use and violence, along with a change to a win-at-all-cost philosophy on the part of those in control, have prostituted sports. Financial motivations have subordinated other motives for participation. Taking part for the pure enjoyment of it is disappearing from sports, my students say. Show us regis supreme.

The solution? First, as Underwood sug-

gests, de-emphasize professionalism and re-emphasize participation. Second, encourage the public to express its disapproval at note-too-subtle terms whenever it encounters the subversion of ethical behavior. Finally, insist that those in positions of leadership serve as examples of ethical behavior. Eliminating winning as a measure of a coach's success might help to bring this lost goal about.

ETHELBERT ROWLAND  
Grandview, Mo.

Sir

The article was to the point and offered a well-thought-out explanation of the problems that plague sports today. However I was surprised to read the quote from Indiana Basketball Coach Bobby Knight. In my opinion, Knight represents everything that is wrong with the athletic environment today. His win-at-all-cost mentality and antisocial behavior are condoned simply because he wins! If you condone Knight's actions, then you truly do not believe in the ideas outlined in your article.

MARIA J. DESCHAMPE  
Muskegon, Mich.

Sir

John Underwood quotes sports psychologist Thomas Turkle as saying some coaches "think sports is war." After reading newspapers and magazines and listening to television and radio sports reports, one could easily believe that sportswriters and commentators perceive sports in the same way, as war. Underwood states: "The vernacular of achievement in all areas of our culture is larded with references to athletics." I'd say the vernacular of what I guess is considered to be achievement in sports journalism is larded with references to war: teams run and gun, blitz, bomb, the opponent—often referred to as the enemy—is gunned down, massacred, killed, hammered, two teams engage in a shoot-out, a coach brings in his heavy artillery.

If Bill Cushman is correct and sports evolved not from a sort of watered-down war but rather from a sense of harmony and proportion between the exertions of the intellect and the body—and

the English concept of character-building—how do sportswriters justify the hellacious language of sports reportage?

There's another "heavy" to add to the list of offenders in the article—the sports reporter. Perhaps he should raise his standards to better serve the lofty purposes of the Greeks and English and the laudable aims for American sport outlined by Underwood.

BLD SVENES  
Los Angeles

continued



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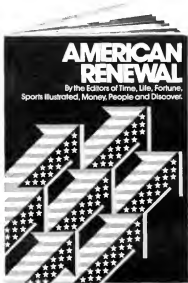
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19TH HOLE continued

See

In his analysis of the decline of sport in America, John Underwood has moved his own point. He laments the perversion of athletic norms and goals but does not recognize that the roots of the corruption of sport lie in the very nature of athletic competition itself. Underwood operates on the unproved and dubious assumption that "competition" is, of course, good, even essential for the individual and society.

Inherent in competition is the goal of success, the striving to win. As long as sport is competitive, with winning as its ultimate goal, sport will inevitably become the institution that Underwood bemoans.

MELISSA GILKS  
Lawrence, Kans.

See

If success in our country is based on being on the team and on locker-room camaraderie, can women ever achieve the boardroom?

LINDA J. THOMPSON  
Kansas City, Mo.

See

"American Renewal" indeed! What your Feb. 23 issue renewed was a long-standing Time, Inc. tradition: the segregation of shallow clichés masquerading as thought. The driving force of John Underwood's article is nothing but the most fundamental of American shibboleths that Hefey Granwald uses as the answer to all our problems—"sustained economic growth." To this end, Underwood and his band of thinkers and executives would turn sports into a training ground for the smooth functioning of the economic machine. "Teamwork" becomes for them a way of turning out well-adjusted "cogs," to use John McGillicuddy's word.

What needs to be renewed in America is not this kind of indoctrination, but critical reflection on some basic assumptions. For instance, what kind of life do "cogs" lead? Is the so-called Promised Land of American success—i.e., McGillicuddy's Park Avenue office—worth spending your life in one of the balding, pouched clones shown in your night-march lead dispirations?

These questions need to be faced up to by all of us. The place for you to start is in your own glasshouse.

JOHN PROFFER  
University Park, Pa.

See

Sports work best when they are an end in and of themselves. When they become a means to an end, then you have problems, often without solutions.

It also has been said that sports do not build character; they reveal it.

COLEMAN TAYLOR JR.  
Atlanta

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